THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 161 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 27, 1945 NUMBER 17

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 417

EDITORIALS

A New Three-Power Conference 420
Victory for a Racket 421

ARTICLES

Revolt in Asia—I. Indo-China *by Andrew Roth* 422
Palestine and Grand Strategy *by Eliahu Ben-Horin* 424
In the Wind 425
On Criticizing the Vatican *by Lawrence Fernsworth* 426
America's Homesick Army *by Joseph Freeman* 427
Brittany Goes to the Polls *by Ida Treat* 429
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 431
The People's Front *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 432

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Morgenthau's Plan for Germany *by Leon Henderson* 433
Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 434
The Voice of Liberal Japan *by Tsuyoshi Matsumoto* 436
Briefer Comment 438
Films *by James Agee* 441
Drama *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 441
Dance *by B. H. Haggin* 442

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 443

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 132 *by Jack Barrett* 444

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor J. KING GORDON
Washington Editor I. F. STONE
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editors: KEITH HUTCHISON • MAXWELL S. STEWART
ROBERT BENDINER [*On leave with the army*]

European Editor: J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Assistant Editor J. MITCHELL MORSE
Music Critic B. H. HAGGIN
Drama Critic JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Business Manager HUGO VAN ARX
Advertising Manager MARY HOWARD ELLISON

Director of Nation Associates
LILLIE SHULTZ

Board of Contributing Editors
NORMAN ANGELL JONATHAN DANIELS
CAREY MCWILLIAMS REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Published weekly and copyright, 1945, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

IF THIS COUNTRY IS SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION in some not-too-remote future much credit must go to the very scientists who produced the atomic bomb. Last week in Washington, before several Congressional committees dealing with atomic control, they revealed the actualities of a scientific advance more fateful in the affairs of man than the coming of steam. They also displayed a depth of political and international understanding matched by few elected Representatives—least of all, alas, by the President himself. All agreed there was no defense against the atomic bomb. All agreed there could be no substitute for international control. The majority felt that the May-Johnson bill would commit this country to a disastrous foreign policy which would negate any efforts by our statesmen to create a world organization and would in fact result in an atomic bomb race leading to certain death for millions of Americans and the destruction of our major cities. The testimony of the scientists, terrible though it is, has paradoxically dispelled much of the hysteria born of ignorance that has prevailed since the Hiroshima bombing. For Americans can be counted on to act sanely and responsibly when they "know the facts." There must be the fullest opportunity given for free discussion of atomic control—in Washington hearings, in the press, on the air, in local assemblies. "After all," as Professor Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize winner, said last Sunday, "it is the people of the United States who face destruction and death and should have the privilege of making their decisions." The immediate issue before responsible Americans is reopening the May-Johnson bill hearings before the House military Affairs Committee and keeping them open until every American with something to say on the control of atomic energy has had his chance to testify. Wires should be sent to Representative Andrew J. May, House of Representatives, and a copy to John W. Snyder, care of The White House.

*

THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION CONFIRMS THE power and popularity of General de Gaulle but reveals greater support for the Communists, who are in opposition to most of his policies, than had been suspected. At the recent cantonal elections the Socialists scored heavily, with the Radical Socialists getting the second largest number of places and the Communists a long way behind both. In the new Assembly, however, the Communists will be the largest party, with the Socialists and the Popular Republican Movement, the Catholic democratic party born of the resistance, running neck and neck close behind them. The Radical Socialist Party, so long the balancing force in French politics,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has collapsed. From the incomplete figures available as we go to press it appears that the Socialists and the P. R. M. in alliance may be able to command a rather precarious majority in the Assembly to support a provisional government headed by De Gaulle. In any case such a government should be fairly sure of tenure during the seven months' life of the Assembly. This follows from the voting on the two questions put to the electorate: (1) Shall the Assembly be empowered to write a new constitution? (2) Shall its tenure and authority over the provisional government be limited so that it can overthrow the government only by a two-thirds' majority vote confirmed after a three-day breathing spell? An overwhelming majority voted "yes" on the first question, and on the second the "yesses" outnumbered the "noes" by nearly two to one. This constitutes a strong vote of confidence in De Gaulle, who appealed for such answers.

*

THE WAR CRIMINALS FACING TRIAL IN Nürnberg have already been condemned by the opinion of the world. Their crimes were public, and the results are evident in a continent laid waste, in the still uncounted millions of dead, and in the profound corruption of the political life of the peoples. No court procedure was needed to convict these men, no new proof required to convince the world that Göring, Streicher, and their accomplices deserve punishment. For this reason the trial, even in advance, has taken on a curious air of unreality. It is a political act, justified and overdue, wrapped up in an elaboration of judicial procedure that seems to a lay observer somewhat farcical. The Nazi leaders could have been disposed of, it would seem, by the joint decision of the Allied powers without all these expensive and legally questionable formalities. The banishment of Napoleon offered precedent if any were needed. But the trials are under way, and one can hope that they will serve to dramatize and recall to the flagging memories of people who already are beginning to forget, the details of the organized terror under which Hitler and his party attempted to bring the civilized world. We hope the procedure will be rapid, decisive, and free from the sort of pettifogging detail that in other political trials—notably the sedition cases in Washington during the war—has so completely obscured the issue and prevented a clear judgment. The Nürnberg court is a political court with a political job to perform. If it allows the trial to degenerate into legalistic maneuvering and quibbling, its only value will have been thrown away.

*

THE TAX BILL AS REPORTED BY THE SENATE Finance Committee is slightly better than the unsatisfactory House bill. Although the Senate committee voted an unwarranted bonus to a number of our largest and wealthiest corporations by eliminating, instead of modifying, the excess-profits tax, it offset this action in part by restoring the 4 per cent which the House cut from the corporation tax. The cut in the individual surtax rate was set at 3 per cent instead of the 4 per cent as of the House bill, and the House's proposal for a guaranteed cut of at least 10 per cent in each individual's tax bill was rejected. The latter provision was replaced by a straight 5 per cent cut superimposed upon the other reductions. The net effect of these changes is to give the taxpayers in the middle brackets a somewhat greater reduction than provided by the House Bill while avoiding the outrageous rebates which the House granted to the very wealthy. Even with improvements, however, the measure remains substantially a rich man's tax bill.

*

GENERAL MACARTHUR HAS COME THROUGH WITH flying colors against the first real challenge to his authority by the Japanese Cabinet. The showdown came, as had been widely predicted, over an Allied attempt to break the power of the great financial-industrial monopolies that played a basic role in the development of Japanese militarism. Japan's new "liberal" Cabinet not only balked at the enforcement of an Allied order calling for the elimination of the *Zaibatsu* control over Japanese economic life but endeavored, through Foreign Minister Yoshida, to defend the monopolies as essential to the restoration of normal economic activity. In an effort to forestall drastic Allied action several of the *Zaibutsu* institutions initiated a voluntary reorganization designed to conceal their monopolistic character. The Yasuda and Sumitomo families, for example, promised to dissolve the key holding companies through which they dominated their industrial empires, and to retire personally from all executive positions in the affiliated companies. They have shown no inclination, however, to divest themselves of the ownership of their huge family holdings. The even more powerful Mitsui and Mitsubishi families refused to yield control over their vast industrial domains on the ground that such action would "invite confusion and disorder in economic circles." The most that they were willing to do was to sell some shares in their holdings so as to remove the "impression" that their companies are under complete family control. Colonel Kramer, chief of the economic and scientific section of Allied Headquarters, has assured us that the financial grip of the *Zaibatsu* will be broken by the end of the year, and it looks as if he really means it.

*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S DECISION TO RETAIN General Patrick J. Hurley as ambassador to China casts an unexpected shadow over the improved prospects for Chinese unity. From the time he engineered the recall of Stilwell as commander of the China-Burma-India theater General Hurley has been regarded with suspicion by progressive groups in China. The Chinese Communists have distrusted him because of his high-pressure tactics in attempting to force a settlement with Chungking on Kuomintang terms. And the moderates of the Democratic Federation have complained that he ignored them completely in his apparent desire to strengthen Chiang Kai-shek's regime. General Hurley is largely responsible for the dispatch of American troops to Peiping and Tientsin, where their chief function has been that of preventing the resistance forces from accepting the Japanese surrender. He also must be held accountable for the use of American planes and personnel to ferry Kuomintang troops into North China. Hurley's return will undoubtedly accentuate the current rift between the War Department and the State Department over our Chinese policy. The groups within the State Department counseling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moderation in our support of the Kuomintang have been considerably strengthened recently by departmental changes and promotions. But Hurley has preferred to run his show without State Department advice in the past; and unless popular pressure forces his resignation he will doubtless continue his high-handed role, regardless of the cost in American lives and prestige.

*

COMMENTING ON THE ARGENTINE CRISIS LAST week, we said that Colonel Perón "is not a man who can be casually dismissed." But none the less we were surprised by his return to power within forty-four hours after his ouster. Perón's lightning coup was due to two factors: first, the incredible naivete of the opposition, which, though it had built up an effective organization in recent months, the Comisión de Coordinación Democrática, let a great opportunity slip through its fingers by abandoning its fighting position as soon as Perón had left the Cabinet. Had the forces of the opposition remained on the alert, in the streets, until a Cabinet they could trust had been formed, it would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, for Perón to regain control so swiftly. Second, Perón succeeded in dominating some of the unions through a gang of bogus "labor leaders" whom he bribed and to whom he gave unlimited authority during the twenty-two months he served as Minister of Labor. We repeat that the reputable trade unions never fell for Perón's propaganda, but it is undeniably true that thousands of unskilled and non-political workers were won over by leaders who knew how to exploit, to the dictator's advantage, the widespread dissatisfaction with the economic and social conditions which prevail throughout South America. One has only to read the list of the new ministers to realize that they are all hand-picked Perón men. Even Juan Isaac Cooke, the discredited Minister of Foreign Affairs, is back in his old post. The anti-Jewish demonstrations with which the "Perónistas" celebrated their victory underlined its fascist nature.

*

IN VENEZUELA THE SITUATION IS LESS CLEAR. Despite the coincidence in the timing of the coups, it would be wrong to assume that the government of President Romulo Bettancourt is another Perón or Bolivian dictatorship. The Cabinet includes men of unquestionably democratic conviction, and its first pronouncement on foreign affairs, to the effect that Venezuela would never establish diplomatic relations with Franco or Trujillo, is a good sign—although we must not forget that the Bolivian regime also severed relations with Spain. Not so promising was its more cautious statement about Argentina. Moreover, two generals who have announced their support of the regime, Celestino Hernandez, commander of Maracay, and Leon Jurado, Governor of Falcon State in western Venezuela, were long associated with the most despicable tyrant of Latin America, the super-killer Juan Vicente Gomez. If the new ministers and young officers, most of them educated abroad, who revolted against the Medina regime really want a progressive and socialist Venezuela, they will recall to service such able and sincere democrats as Rafael Vega, Minister of Education in the ousted Cabinet, who has taken refuge in the Mexican embassy in Caracas.

THAT THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN Revolution have no respect for the egalitarian principles of their ancestors is not news. No one was surprised when they refused to rent their Washington auditorium, Constitution Hall, to the pianist Hazel Scott simply because Miss Scott is a Negro. Their rule that the hall shall be available to "white artists only," they said, conforms to the "prevailing custom" of the District of Columbia. A fine excuse for descendants of revolutionists! Better manners, if not greater intelligence, might theoretically have been expected of ladies who pride themselves on their blue blood, but actually there is nothing in the record of the D. A. R. to justify that expectation. Perhaps it is best not to appeal to their sensibilities. A more effective key to the doors of Constitution Hall is the effort of Representatives John M. Coffee, Emmanuel Celler, and Helen Gahagan Douglas to rescind the tax exemption which this exclusive club enjoys in its capacity as a public institution. It is fitting that the ladies' champion in this embarrassing situation is the unmannerly Representative John E. Rankin. That Mrs. Truman consented to take tea with them after their disgraceful behavior is regrettable. She missed an opportunity to reassert the principles of her ancestors and theirs by resigning from the D. A. R.

*

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CIVIL AVIATION Conference in Chicago nearly a year ago, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., called in ringing tones for freedom of competition in the air and successfully blocked proposals for a body to regulate international air traffic as the Civil Aeronautics Board regulates domestic American air lines. His stand was generally applauded by American aviation interests with the exception of Pan-American Airways, then still hoping to be appointed a "chosen instrument" with a sole franchise to carry the American flag on transocean routes. Despite this victory for free competition, however, an article in *The Nation* ventured to suggest that if public regulation were ruled out, private regulation would almost certainly be attempted. That prophecy is now well on the way to fulfilment. Meeting at Montreal, the International Air Transport Association, to which fifty-seven air lines of various nationalities have adhered, set up nine regional traffic "conferences" covering all international routes. These conferences are to determine policies, in so far as they can reach unanimous agreements, on a number of matters of common interest, with "tariffs, rates, and schedules" the first items on the list. Thus, following the example of the shipping industry, which has long employed "conferences" to bar "uneconomic competition," the air lines have turned their back on Mr. Berle's ideals. It was inevitable that they would, for air transport is a form of public utility the development of which by means of unlimited competition would surely result in unsafe and uneconomic practices. Since most of the air lines belonging to the I. A. T. A. are government-owned, the conference method adopted at Montreal may be regarded as a backdoor method of introducing the public regulation which the United States rejected at Chicago. To our way of thinking, however, it would be better if the oversight of international air traffic were entrusted openly to an international commission whose members could approach their task more judicially than airline executives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Three-Power Conference

THE widely publicized results of a recent conference held in Dublin, New Hampshire, are rather indicative of the state of mind of the whole nation on the vexing international issues which confront us, particularly since the atomic bomb has given a new urgency to these issues.

The majority at this conference came to the conclusion that the atomic bomb had made the organization of the world as outlined in the United Nations Charter obsolete and irrelevant. It called for the creation of a world government with limited and sharply defined powers, which would, however, be adequate to guarantee the peace between nations. The majority did not indicate how we were to arrive at this desired end, from the position in which we now find ourselves. This position is that even the promise of limited efficacy which the United Nations Organization held out is imperiled by the mutual mistrust between the two great centers of power, the Russian and the Anglo-American, which were intended by the United Nations Charter to be the core of a system of world order.

The minority at the conference, which included the conference chairman, former Justice Roberts, and Clarence Streit, came to the conclusion that the best method of reaching the goal it professed to have in common with the majority was to create a "nuclear alliance" of nations and governments in which individual liberty was recognized. The minority proposed, in effect—and would have been more honest to propose explicitly—an anti-Russian alliance. How such an alliance would lead to the ultimate formation of a world government was not stated. Its most obvious and predictable consequence would be a war between Russia and the West. It could contribute to world peace only if the democratic alliance were powerful enough to cow the opposition into complete submission. That the formation of such a power lies in the realm of political possibilities was, indeed, the guiding assumption of the minority, despite the fact that history proves the hope of establishing such unchallengeable power to belong to the vainest of illusions.

Here, then, was a conference of representative Americans reaching two equally impossible conclusions: the conclusion of the minority had the demerit of being as irresponsible as it was impossible. The conference itself is of no particular importance, unless the two alternatives it elaborated should be—as we think they are—representative of the alternative conclusions too generally reached by American thought, seeking escape from the unhappy and tragic predicament of our present international situation. One may take a limited satisfaction in the fact that the minority at the conference stands for a small minority in the nation. There is, in other words, no general desire to sharpen the issues between ourselves and Russia and hasten the outbreak of a third world war. The majority of the nation, like the majority at the conference, has a strong sense of responsibility in regard to this matter and is anxious to mitigate rather than aggravate the friction between Russia and the West.

But the majority of internationally minded people at the conference, as in the nation, try to jump out of the present situation to a world government. They do not tell us by what power or by what magic we are to make the jump. They rightly recognize that the United Nations Charter is not adequate for the preservation of a permanent peace. But they forget that many of its inadequacies are due to the lack of genuine trust between Russia and the West. They would now overcome these inadequacies by the creation of a world government. Let them tell us how they would persuade Russia on the one hand and the United States Senate on the other to accept the further abridgments of sovereignty which such a new charter would require. If they answer that they believe the fear of atomic warfare has given the nations a new and more powerful motive for the sacrifices required by a genuine system of world order, it is necessary to point out that the invention of the atomic bomb has also aggravated the mutual mistrust between Russia and the West; and that the immediate fears of a possible foe are politically more potent than the more distant fear of atomic destruction.

Whatever may be the long-range answer to the problem of the world's international anarchy, the short-range problem is how to achieve a psychological disarmament between ourselves and Russia. No long-range program which evades this short-range issue has any relevance. The reason why this issue is so urgent is that the kind of bargaining in which Russia and the West are now engaged aggravates the mistrust because the bargains are concerned with strategic issues which presuppose an ultimate conflict. This is why John Foster Dulles's optimistic estimate of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers was erroneous. We were feeling each other out, declared Mr. Dulles, and our failures must not be taken too seriously. But we were feeling each other out on basic strategic issues which presuppose a permanent lack of trust.

Thus America is rightly apprehensive about the increasing intransigence of Russia when any issue affecting Eastern Europe is raised. Russia wants no interference with its hegemony in Rumania and Hungary; and it threatens to undo the compromises of Yalta on Poland and Yugoslavia. Its interest in the Italian colonies is obviously strategic. Britain wants to preserve its lifeline in the Mediterranean, and Russia wants to be in a position to challenge that line.

But there is no hope of a solution if Americans assume that these Russian policies represent pure perversity or pure aggression. The first prerequisite of psychological disarmament between ourselves and Russia is recognition on our part that our strategic plans, as well as some past history, justify the fears of Russia, or at any rate give them plausibility. We are, in fact, involved in a vicious circle. The strategic plans of each side have nothing to do with permanent peace. They presuppose the instability of the peace. Our vast plans for bases in the Pacific islands are not prompted by fear of Japan; and Russia knows it. When we insisted during the war that the Jews must not press for a solution of the Palestinian settlement lest strategic plans for a pipe-line in the Near East be imperiled, Russia also knew that our general staff was thinking, not of the strategy of the war in which we were then engaged, but of the next war.

Unless we can make a fresh start and break this vicious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circle, all our day-to-day bargaining will not help us. A fresh start should be made in a new three-power conference. Such a conference should address itself to the gravity of the total issue. The problem of the atomic bomb should not be its central concern but ought to be placed on the agenda. Each side would have to recognize that only through the sacrifice of particular and unilateral schemes of security can a genuine system of mutual trust be achieved. It is not at all certain that either side would make sufficient gestures of trust to accomplish the purpose of the conference, or that one side would respond to the honest gestures of the other. It is, in short, not at all certain that such a conference would succeed. But there are no alternative roads to peace.

Victory for a Racket

PEACE of a sort has returned to the New York docks, and the ships are once again being unloaded. Probably a few more skulls will be cracked by way of discipline, as "King" Ryan stamps out the revolt that almost dethroned him, but that will make little noise in the papers which published frenzied headlines about Harry Bridges capturing the waterfront.

The Communist issue, which the press seized upon so avidly, was a purely extraneous one injected into the dispute in its later stages. As every good waterfront reporter knows, the real cause of the strike was the totalitarian set-up of the International Longshoremen's Association, a trade-union scandal which has continued for a quarter-century without many New York editors getting excited about it. The boss of the I. L. A. for most of this period has been Joseph P. Ryan, who has contrived to get himself elected president for life at a salary of $20,000 a year. He runs the union, said to have no officially adopted constitution or proper procedure for elections, as a one-man show in which his word is law. Members of long standing declare that he has negotiated all contracts and "rammed them down our throats"; they say they have never seen a financial statement of the I. L. A. or of any of its sixty-five locals in the Port of New York area. There have been attempts to overthrow his rule but they have proved unhealthy for those participating in them. Critics of the boss are apt to be mysteriously beaten up; one leader of an insurgent movement in Brooklyn, Peter Panto, was murdered a few years ago—a still unsolved crime.

Even papers as eager to put a finger on a Communist plot as the New York *World-Telegram* admit that the I. L. A. strike started as a spontaneous rank-and-file movement to oust Ryan. Its occasion was a new contract which, while it included some improvements in wages and conditions, failed to provide for reforms in hiring and working practices which longshoremen considered of vital importance. Among demands strongly supported in the locals were limitation of sling cargo loads in the interests of safety, a guaranty of four hours' work per shift, and two "shape-ups" for hiring daily instead of three. Some reform of the "shape-up" system is long overdue. It involves gatherings of workers at the pier-heads where the foremen pick their gangs. When there are more men than jobs—a frequent occurrence—there is every opportunity for favoritism, and, it is alleged, payment for jobs is a normal procedure. On the West Coast, after the I. L. A. was defeated by the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, this system was abolished, and union hiring-halls were substituted. But both Ryan and the Shipping Association in New York cling to the old method; it makes for cheaper labor and gives a union boss more power over his members.

The New York strike for a better contract became a strike against the I. L. A. leadership when Ryan ordered the men back to work. Only after it had been in full swing for more than a week did the National Maritime Union intervene by offering something more than moral support. To the left-wing C. I. O. unions the situation was inviting, for they had old scores to settle with Ryan. The insurgents, inexperienced in organization and friendless, naturally accepted the help offered without bothering too much about the label. Actually, apart from sympathetic walkouts on a few ships, that help does not seem to have amounted to much more than advice and publicity and legal assistance. It would appear that after Harry Bridges arrived from San Francisco and surveyed the situation, he and the N. M. U. leaders decided that the time was not ripe for a showdown involving a large financial investment. That being so, there was not much they could do to prevent a collapse of the insurgent movement, once the strikers' slender individual resources were exhausted.

When hunger drove the men back to work, the majority of New York's papers hailed a victory over communism. Actually the end of the strike meant a triumph for a crude labor dictatorship—something that the press is ever ready to denounce in general terms. But when forced to choose sides the typical editor prefers the racketeer to the Communist.

At one point in the strike an opportunity to clean up the waterfront was offered by Mayor LaGuardia's proposal to hold an election for a new I. L. A. negotiating committee under neutral supervision. This plan received no newspaper support except from the New York *Post* and *PM*. The insurgents accepted the proposal, but Ryan scornfully rejected it, and the employers ignored it. They have got along too comfortably with Ryan all these years to risk a change. The cost of Ryanism is a known expense which can be charged to overhead; democratic leadership of the union might well prove more belligerent and costly.

Curiously enough, candidates in the current mayoralty campaign have not been vocal about a situation which is intimately connected with the vital interests and good name of New York City. Jonah J. Goldstein, the Republican-Fusion candidate, tried to make political capital of it by a statement that the strike was "fomented by the C. I. O." and constituted "a public scandal." He said nothing, however, about the scandal of Ryanism. On this subject General O'Dwyer, the Democratic–American Labor Party candidate, has also kept quiet. Enjoying the support of both Tammany Hall, where Ryan is said to have powerful friends, and the C. I. O., his discretion is understandable. We hope, however, that independent citizens will put some questions on this subject to the candidates, all of whom speak very eloquently about "cleaning up" the city. They couldn't do better than start on the waterfront, where the stench is long-standing and doesn't improve with age.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt in Asia: I—Indo-China

BY ANDREW ROTH

(Author of the recently published "Dilemma in Japan"; an Intelligence officer in the navy during the war)

AS THE clock struck three in Saigon on Sunday morning, September 23, a grim and silent army of 300 men padded along the deserted streets. On their heads were berets, on their shoulders crosses of Lorraine roughly cut out of cloth, in their hands a fierce assortment of Bren guns, grenades, pistols, and rifles. The French had come back to Indo-China. By morning they had seized the chief public buildings, captured Dr. Thach, the Annamite Foreign Minister, and mopped up the ill-armed Annamite guards. Machine-guns were set up on street corners, and the banners proclaiming "Death Before French Oppression" were torn down.

This seizure of Saigon by a small band of British-armed French soldiers was the first major blow directed at the Republic of Viet Nam (Indo-China), which had been so proudly proclaimed by Indo-Chinese nationalists less than a month before. Within another month a large part of the French navy steamed into Indo-Chinese ports bringing crack French army units to prop up—with British help—France's tottering control of its "balcony on the Pacific."

Indo-China is worth a struggle. Its 275,000 square miles, more than a third larger than France, support 23,000,000 inhabitants. It is one of the world's leading rice granaries, a rich source of partially exploited raw materials, and an important market and outlet for capital. In 1939 Indo-China exported almost 25 per cent of the world's rice shipments, was the largest coal exporter in the Far East, and was the third largest producer of natural rubber.

The late President Roosevelt considered Indo-China the worst-governed colony in the Far East. He felt so strongly about the callousness, despotism, and incredible shortsightedness of French colonial policies that he wanted French rule to be superseded by an international mandate. There was plenty of evidence to support President Roosevelt's opinion. After seventy years of French rule only 11 per cent of the inhabitants are literate. Despite the colony's rich natural resources the people are compelled to work as indentured plantation laborers for 30 to 40 cents a day, plus primitive shelter and inadequate food. With this meager income they are expected to furnish a market for French goods; colonial policy bars both the importation of cheap competitive goods and the establishment of local industries. Incredible as it may seem, the colonial government controls both the opium and the alcohol monopoly and profits by its encouragement of the natives to poison themselves. The people of Indo-China have no say in these policies, for the government is entirely in the hands of the French and a handful of Indo-Chinese notables and men of wealth who have profited greatly by French rule. Over all hovers the monopolistic control of the Bank of Indo-China, whose directors have tried to sabotage every liberal measure and who proved to be the most ardent pro-German collaborationists in France.

RISE OF INSURGENT NATIONALISM

This head-on clash between French imperialism and the authentic political and economic needs of Indo-China has produced successive waves of insurgent nationalism. The decade preceding World War I became known as the "era of plots" because a new anti-French conspiracy was announced almost daily, and the Poulu Condore Penitentiary bulged with young Annamite nationalists. After the war the tempo of the nationalist movement was considerably stepped up. A hundred thousand Annamites had served in France as soldiers and workers during the war, and they returned to demand the political and economic conditions they had found there. The Indo-Chinese drew further inspiration from the Chinese nationalist revolution, which was marshaling its forces in nearby Canton. Young nationalists flocked to Canton to enrol in the Whampoa Academy, which under Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist Chou En-lai was training Kuomintang officers for the "northern expedition" that was to bring China under Kuomintang rule.

In Canton many young Indo-Chinese came under the influence of Nguyen Ai Quoc, who twenty years later—with his name changed to Ho Chin Minh—was to become the first Premier of the provisional Republic of Viet Nam. Nguyen Ai Quoc was born in 1892, the son of an Annamite official. Resenting the servility of the native officialdom to the French, he left home at the age of seventeen and worked his way around the world on a French ship, winding up in France. There, while sustaining his frail body by various kinds of work, he spent all of his spare time planning and working for Indo-Chinese independence. At the Paris Peace Conference he was a one-man lobby for Indo-China. Having accomplished nothing, he organized the Intercolonial Union of Colored Peoples and later founded a newspaper in which he denounced the abuses of French imperialism.

Nguyen discovered great sympathy for Indo-China among French leftists, especially among the Communists, whose strategy at the time emphasized the possibility of overthrowing capitalism in Europe through nationalist uprisings in the colonies. He attended the French Communist Congress at Tours in 1920 and in 1923 was sent to Moscow to study colonial problems. In 1926 he turned up in Canton, where he founded the Association of Revolutionary Annamite Youth and worked feverishly to turn out agitators and revolutionary literature to be smuggled back into Indo-China. In 1927 the decision of Chiang Kai-shek and the right wing of the Kuomintang to discard their Russian advisers and suppress their Communist collaborators forced Nguyen Ai Quoc to abandon his convenient Cantonese base and with Michael Borodin and prominent Chinese leftists to seek refuge in Russia. He left behind him some 250 trained and fervent nationalists.

In February, 1930, French colonial authorities and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French public were startled to learn that two companies of Tonkinese troops had mutinied at Yenbay and killed six of their officers. Simultaneously with the Yenbay uprising, groups of natives, most of them unarmed, gathered in widely separated regions to present grievances, and were shot down when they refused to disperse. Sporadic uprisings continued in every part of Indo-China all through the year. The terrorist Nationalist Annamite Party, made up largely of intellectuals, which led this premature and poorly organized outbreak, was virtually destroyed by the brutally repressive measures of the frightened colonial officials.

The victory of the French Popular Front in 1936 raised Indo-Chinese hopes. On assuming office in June, 1936, the Socialist Minister of Colonies, Marius Moutet, said: "The black peasants of the millet and peanut country, the yellow men of the rice fields, we place all of them on the same level of moral equality, social justice, and brotherhood as the workers and farmers of France." At first it looked as if he meant what he said. An authoritarian Governor General was replaced by a more liberal one; the sentences of 1,300 political prisoners were commuted; the publication of *La Lutte,* a native newspaper with Communist leanings, was permitted in Saigon.

But this did not satisfy the Indo-Chinese. A wave of strikes affecting coal mines, rubber plantations, and bus companies underlined the demand for better wages. When the French government sent a special delegate to investigate labor and social conditions, he was greeted at the dock by a crowd of Annamites cheering for the Popular Front but demanding freedom to organize trade unions, freedom of speech and assembly, and other basic reforms. These demands were ignored. Freedom of assembly and organization was never granted. And when agitation continued, Moutet wired the ultra-conservative colonial administrators he had left in office: "Persistent agitation under the pretext of organizing the masses . . . will compromise the liberal policy which the government has decided to inaugurate in a legal way and with respect for French authority. . . . French order must reign in Indo-China, as elsewhere." Six months after this promise of a more liberal policy a native was sentenced to three years of prison and three more of surveillance for reading an Annamite translation of a pamphlet by Léon Blum, then Premier of France!

IMPERIALISM VERSUS DEFENSE

As the tide of Japanese aggression neared Indo-China's shores after 1937, the question of the colony's defense came to the fore. Again a sharp cleavage developed between the interests of the people of the colony and the shortsighted imperialism of the French government. Indo-Chinese nationalists and a few enlightened French leaders like Georges Mandel, later murdered by the Nazis, and Alexander Varenne argued that because France was so far away and so taken up with problems of its own defense Indo-China would have to rely primarily on its own resources. They urged an industrialization program for the colony, the recruiting of a substantial Annamite army under Annamite officers, and a liberalization of French rule to counter Japan's "Asia for the Asiatics" propaganda and give the Indo-Chinese something to fight for. But French officials were apparently more afraid of losing their colonial privileges than of losing their colony. Their obdurately blind policies made it a foregone conclusion that Indo-China should fall like a ripe plum into Japanese hands. When Governor General Catroux tried to resist the Japanese, the Vichy government replaced him with Admiral Decoux. Admiral Decoux's instructions were to maintain the colonial structure at all costs. This suited the Japanese, and for five years Admiral Decoux and the French colonial administrators were Japanese tools, using force to keep the Indo-Chinese in line as they converted the colony's resources to the needs of the Japanese. Anti-fascist Frenchmen, unwilling to serve the Japanese, slipped out of the country to join De Gaulle's forces.

During the entire period of Japanese occupation there was a nationalist anti-Japanese movement which actively aided the cause of the United Nations, despite continual harassing by the colonial authorities. The first upsurge of resistance was in October-December, 1940, as the Japanese were tightening their grip. Twenty serious uprisings occurred in one week, and there were riots and demonstrations in seven districts. According to a Vichy communiqué, the suppression of this anti-Japanese movement required the use of French soldiers and sailors as well as the Indo-Chinese police. More than a thousand persons were arrested in the Saigon area alone.

FOR AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC

Out of this resistance grew the League for the Independence of Indo-China, formed in 1941, which included the Annam Nationalist Party, the New Annam Party, the Indo-Chinese Communist Party, the Association of Young Revolutionaries, and national associations of peasants, workers, women, youth, officers, and soldiers. In 1943 the league was broadened to take in anti-fascist French and Chinese—500,000 Chinese live in the colony. Its political program called for the election of a national assembly to draw up a constitution for a free Indo-China on the basis of adult suffrage, restoration of democratic liberties and rights, equal rights for women, the right of minorities to self-determination, the organization of a national army, the nationalization of banks belonging to fascists (meaning the Bank of Indo-China in particular), the development of native industry, agrarian reform, labor legislation, and an adequate educational system.

In January, 1944, the League announced that it believed "in the sanctity of the principles for which the world has shed and is shedding so much blood" and called for guerrilla activity on a large scale. Its peasant adherents, in increasing numbers, refused to pay taxes and withheld rice from the market. The Japanese and their Vichyite colonial assistants retaliated with massacres and mass arrests. In March, 1945, the Japanese established direct rule in Indo-China, working through Emperor Bao Dai; they feared that Admiral Decoux would doublecross them after France had been liberated and it was plain that the Axis was on the defensive. Decoux's regime surrendered without a struggle or took to flight, but not before they had murdered a number of political prisoners in Yonpai and Caobang. The league attempted to take advantage of this period of confusion to seize power but was prevented by the Japanese.

It was more successful in August, when the Japanese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capitulated to the Allies. The nationalist groups then unified their forces, staged a number of powerful demonstrations, and secured the abdication of the very willing Emperor Bao Dai. On August 25 the independent Republic of Viet Nam was proclaimed, with none other than the Communist Ho Chin Minh, or Nguyen Ai Quoc, as Premier. At this point the Japanese were more tolerant of a movement certain to cause acute embarrassment to the victorious Allies. In recent weeks the nationalists have reeled back before British and French machine-guns, but the legitimate aspirations of the people of Indo-China cannot be permanently kept down by superior force. Unless the fires of nationalism are banked by substantial reforms, they may consume the rickety structure of the Far Eastern peace.

Palestine and Grand Strategy

BY ELIAHU BEN-HORIN

(For sixteen years a newspaper editor in Palestine; author of "The Middle East, Crossroads of History")

THE real reason for Great Britain's illogical and unjust Palestine policy is not the threat of pan-Arabic resistance to the development of a Zionist state but considerations of grand strategy. Soviet Russia's expansionist tendencies in the Middle East are the major factor in the shaping of both British and American Middle Eastern policy. The foreign offices of the Western democracies have no fear of Pan-Arabia, but they do fear a Soviet-Arabian rapprochement. Is the threat of an alliance between the Soviets and the Arabian effendi real, or is it just another bogy?

One of the most damaging mistakes of Jewish leaders has been their tendency to present the Palestine problem solely as a quarrel between Jews and Arabs. Nothing could be farther from the mark. There is scarcely an issue of major importance to the great powers in which Palestine does not figure, whether it be the future of world communications, trade expansion, sea power versus land power, the balance of power between East and West, or the destiny of the British Empire. The present British Cabinet, like its predecessors, measures the situation with one question in mind: in the world of today, with its swiftly changing conditions and its completely altered balance of power, what policy will best assure British control of the Middle East? Only a Cabinet prepared to liquidate the Empire and transform Britain into a third-rate power could approach Middle Eastern problems with any other yardstick.

The crucial strategic-geographic importance of the Middle East to a maritime and trading empire like Great Britain is of course axiomatic. What seems to escape notice is Palestine's special position in the picture. More than any other land little Palestine constitutes a link between the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia. It has a long coastline on the eastern Mediterranean. It lies on the northern bank of the Suez Canal. It is the natural outlet for the oil of Arabia. Loss of Palestine would be a deadly blow to Britain.

Washington, as well as London, is acutely aware of these geo-political realities. This country has only lately acquired a world outlook, but it has already come to realize that it cannot afford to neglect the Middle East. It has a very lively interest in Middle Eastern oil, and this interest means that it needs air and naval bases in the region. In the event of war formal ownership of Arabian oil would be of little avail; the important thing would be its accessibility. To operate concessions in peace and to maintain their accessibility in war, the United States must have outposts of military power on the scene. They are the prize America hopes to obtain through its close alliance with Britain.

The American University in Beirut, the colleges in Cairo and Istanbul, the American missions, numerous archaeological expeditions, and various trading and mining enterprises bear witness to America's long-standing interest in the Middle East. However, through the years, America has been a guest there, and not always a welcome one. Now, for the first time, Great Britain regards the United States as a desirable partner. It would be naive to think that American oil companies acquired concessions in Arabia against the will of Great Britain, which is, after all, supreme there. Nor was Britain's compliance an act of altruism. At a time when Soviet Russia's ambitions in the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf have become unmistakably clear, Britain wants the United States to share the political and military responsibility for one of the most troublesome spots on the earth. If John Bull must sooner or later encounter the Russian bear in the Arabian desert, he prefers not to have it a tête-à-tête.

Every effort made by Great Britain and the United States to form a counterbalance in Europe against the excessive might of Russia has failed. Both Western countries have been forced to acknowledge Soviet supremacy on the Continent. A desperate Britain has therefore fallen back on the old formula of sea power versus land power, with air power viewed as an appendix of sea power. This is the true basis of the British-American alliance—to keep the Russian colossus within the boundaries of a land-locked empire. In this strategy the Middle East assumes new importance, for the future balance of power will be determined at the Straits, in the eastern Mediterranean, and in the Persian Gulf.

The Jewish-Arab Palestine controversy must be examined in this perspective. British love for the Arabs or dislike of the Jews does not enter into the question. The British know precisely where they stand so far as the Arabs are concerned. They can permit the Arabs their delusions of grandeur. No harm is done. The British know that no such thing as a united Arabia exists or is likely to arise, and that the petty kings and sheiks can be managed or bought in the future as they have been in the past.

But the United States, new at this game of colonial im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perialism, apparently takes what it sees and hears at face value. Emissaries of American oil companies, naive young men from the War Department and the OWI, even State Department officials have been bluffed by the shrewd Moslem potentates. They have returned from their missions to the Middle East with alarming reports of a probable Soviet-Arab alliance through which Russia would emerge dominant in the entire area. The only way to ward off this catastrophe, they report, is to forget the pledges to the Jewish people and the demands of justice and to placate the Arabs.

King Ibn Saud and other Arab politicians must have smiled in their beards when they sold this bill of goods to the Americans. If the Arab rulers have any say in the matter, the Soviets will not penetrate far into the Middle East. They may not be learned gentlemen, but they do know that where Soviet Russia enters, political reaction and social-economic backwardness go out. There is nothing the Arab barons dread more than Soviet influence in their domains.

At the same time they dislike Great Britain, with its insistence on military and political control behind the façade of native independence, and they are also eager to get rid of French domination. The United States thus emerges as a favorite foreign power. It is the only great power which offers large oil royalties, trading advantages, and cultural opportunities without asking anything important in return. This pro-American orientation of the Arabs can be counted upon to continue as long as America remains the richest and the least imperialistic power in sight. If the situation changed, Arab "loyalties" would change overnight. (In the 1930's, when the Arabs felt that Nazi Germany was growing stronger than Great Britain, they became definitely pro-German.) Should America or the American-British alliance suffer an eclipse, the most violent anti-Jewish attitude in Palestine would not enable us to retain Arab friendship.

My point is that Britain and the United States do not have to trade Jewish blood and Jewish suffering for Arab oil and sympathies; that fear of an Arab-Soviet alliance is fantastic. Moreover, if the Western democracies were looking for a way to increase the propaganda appeal of Soviet policies and to weaken their own moral standing, they could find no surer method than taking an anti-Jewish stand on Palestine. The conviction is spreading in a great many quarters that the Soviet Union is the true bearer of progressive ideas, and that Britain—now joined by America—upholds diehard conservatism and reaction. British-American support of the Arab kings and effendis and obstruction of Jewish aspirations in Palestine reinforces the conviction.

That Moscow is fully alive to the situation is shown by its radical change of attitude toward Zionism in the last two or three years. For nearly a quarter of a century Zionism was outlawed in Soviet Russia, and Zionists were severely persecuted. Now Soviet Jewry has been permitted to acknowledge its fraternal ties with the Jewish people. Ivan Maisky was sent on an official, and sympathetic, mission to Palestine, to survey the possibilities for further Jewish immigration. And on several occasions Soviet delegates to international conferences have voted for pro-Zionist resolutions.

Stalin, with his usual astuteness, apparently has a better understanding than British and American statesmen of the true relationship of the Zionist enterprise in Palestine to the whole politico-economic and strategic situation in the Middle East. He realizes the improbability of a Soviet-Arab alliance and sees that a pro-Jewish attitude in the Middle East would be valuable moral propaganda for Soviet Russia.

With tension mounting in Palestine, Britain and America must make a fateful choice. Either they must persevere in a course which encourages political, economic, and social reaction and the spread of xenophobia, which ignores the frightful Jewish tragedy as well as the solemn pledges given the Jews, and which compromises democracy in the eyes of the world, or they must adopt a new policy which will be progressive and just and also thoroughly sound from the point of view of grand strategy and international peace.

In the Wind

NOMENCLATURE: A new bridge will soon cross the Mississippi River at Memphis, Tennessee, and the citizens are undecided what to call it. Among the names that have been proposed are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Ed Crump, and Westbrook Pegler. . . . War Department records show that more men named Cohen enlisted in New York City than those of any other name. . . . A prize boar owned by Emmert Brothers, Mason City, Iowa, is named One World. . . . And the blue ribbon for male Duroc-Jersey hogs at the Mississippi-Alabama fair September 30 went to an eleven-hundred-pounder named Congressman, from Tupelo, the home town of Representative Rankin.

CENSORSHIP: A soldier stationed in White Horse, Alaska, during the war recently learned that a letter of his had been held by army censors for two years because it contained a snapshot that revealed his location. "The only thing we could write about freely was our excursion trip to Great Bear Lake on the Arctic Circle," he says. "Now I find that all the uranium used in the atom experiments came from Great Bear Lake."

LABOR: T. D. Kemp, Jr., a columnist in the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer*, makes this suggestion: "Should the Russians succeed in having General MacArthur thrown out of Japan, he would be useful here in our own country. You can think of no better way to end these strikes, particularly the ones that get out of hand, than to have General MacArthur take the job of assisting President Truman in straightening things out. With a few million veterans rallying around MacArthur, labor bosses will think twice before calling or prolonging strikes."

ANNOUNCEMENT: The Julian Messner Award for the best book combating intolerance in America has been increased to an outright prize of $5,000 plus an advance of $1,500 against royalties by a grant from the foundation established in memory of Ensign Lionel Judah Tachna, who was killed in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Criticizing the Vatican

BY LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH

(Mr. Fernsworth, liberal Catholic writer, was correspondent of the New York Times *and the London* Times *in Spain during the civil war. He is the author of "Protestants Under Franco" and "Dictators and Democrats.")*

IN A broadcast to a recent rally of the Spanish Refugee Appeal of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee in Madison Square Garden, Harold J. Laski criticized the Vatican for its support of Franco and by implication for its whole policy of political interventionism. The Catholic press construed his remarks as an attack on Catholicism; and as if to confirm Mr. Laski's arguments, Catholic groups made a concerted effort to silence Station WJZ, which broadcast his address, and to have Actors' Equity expel five actors who had participated in the rally. These events make it appropriate to recall some of the basic facts about the political character of the Vatican.

In recent years Catholic authorities have written vigorously and eloquently in defense of the thesis that the Vatican is a sovereign political state and as such has the qualifications for political action. On October 10 the New York *Times* carried a dispatch from Rome on the action of the Allied Control Council in addressing the Vatican, among other "countries," on the subject of the repatriation of German and other Axis diplomats accredited to those "countries."

The New York *Times* for May 12, 1940, printed on its editorial page a lengthy, two-column letter written by Bishop (now Archbishop) James H. Ryan of Omaha setting forth the Vatican's claims to be recognized as a political entity. Bishop Ryan said, "Though conscious of the religious power of the Pope, head of the Catholic church, we have chosen to remain blind to the political power of the Pope who is King. But is it the part of wisdom not to recognize the Papacy for what it is, despite any religious feelings to the contrary?" Elaborating further on the political character of the Vatican, Bishop Ryan described it as "the listening post of Europe" and said that, from "its far-flung outposts" "thousands of well-trained official and unofficial diplomats are constantly reporting on even the slightest changes in public opinion in their respective territories." All this was in support of the thesis, put forward by the entire hierarchy and its press, that the United States should grant diplomatic recognition to the Vatican as a political institution.

Professor Laski's criticisms were directed against the Vatican's political attitude toward Franco's Spain. As Archbishop Ryan suggested, he seems to have chosen "to recognize the Papacy for what it is."

Surely the actions of any political entity, large or small, are a proper object of comment. To hold otherwise is a blow at free speech and, it would seem, a real affront to those millions of Americans who cherish free speech. To call this kind of legitimate debate an "insult" to Catholics is no more justified than to call adverse criticism of our government's acts an "insult" to Americans. Americans would be the first to take offense at a claim which so stultified their intelligence. This, I am sure, holds true of the great majority of Catholics, who, being intelligent, must resent being made to look foolish.

The rally for the Spanish anti-fascist refugees was, in fact, presided over by a Catholic. What is more, millions of Catholics applauded—and continue to applaud—the letter of the late President Roosevelt denouncing Franco as a fascist and the recent statement of President Truman, issued in support of President Roosevelt's directive to our Spanish ambassador, "We do not like Franco." During the Spanish civil war a poll showed that Catholics, for the most part, declined to accept the political conduct urged upon them by their hierarchy.

In its issue of October 19 the *Commonweal* said: "What Mr. Laski attacked was the discipline and politics of the church and not the church itself, and it is a sad thing when Catholics so easily earn the dislike of their neighbors by the assumption that any criticism of any aspect of the church is inadmissible. We must ever be watchful not to allow our faith to serve as a cloak under which we strive to smother political discussion." One of our greatest liberal Catholics, Associate Justice Murphy of the United States Supreme Court, said in a speech last Fourth of July: "Ours is now the spiritual battle—the battle against all manifestations of the Nazi disease we find among our own people."

The new push to bolster the Fascist regime of Spain, which owes its being to the Fascist regime of Italy and the Nazi regime of Germany, and the efforts to stifle the legitimate criticism of those who continue to fight against fascism—World War II will not be ended until its causes are liquidated—are "manifestations of the Nazi disease."

The bizarre kind of thinking indulged in by those who would try to silence all criticism of Franco, and all comment on the political role of the Vatican in the matter of Spain, is illustrated by an editorial in the *Catholic News*, Archbishop Spellman's diocesan organ, for October 13. Commenting on the "Frank Fay case," the paper charges that the five actors who attended the meeting "represented themselves as reflecting the attitude of all the members of their casts"—this is not substantiated by any report I have seen. Mr. Fay, it goes on, in accusing fellow-actors of misrepresenting the attitude of other actors, "spoke for millions of Americans." The paper brands the alleged action of five actors in claiming to speak for a limited number of fellow-actors as a public offense, but in the same breath itself claims that Mr. Fay spoke "for millions of Americans," although there is not the slightest evidence that he had any such mandate.

Concerning the refusal of various groups to let free speech about Spain be stifled by such tactics, the editorial continues: "This incident is further evidence of the manner in which the organized radical minority strives to control all avenues of contact with the mind of the public; if this effort

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to silence inquiry about leftist-influenced activities succeeds we may expect even more brazen attempts."

The same column of editorial comment which demanded an investigation of "leftist" activities accused the New York *Post* of "violating all canons of journalism" because it turned the spotlight on a Christian Front meeting in Queens, and as a result some of the chief participants were arrested and charged with insulting Jews. There was no word of regret for the insults to the Jews—which were real.

It seems plain that the apologists for Franco, the Spanish usurper, will never understand that firm opposition to all attempts to silence criticism of this "Nazi disease" among our own people is part of the "spiritual battle" in which all who cherish man's freedom and dignity must take part.

America's Homesick Army

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

(Joseph Freeman, author of the novel "Never Call Retreat," traveled with a USO show for nine weeks this summer in France, Germany, and Austria. During that time he lived in army billets and talked with many G. I.'s and officers.)

THE *Jagdschloss* was hidden deep in the forest. Once the hunting lodge of a German millionaire, it was now an officers' club of the Thirtieth Infantry, spacious and luxuriously furnished. Veterans of the famous Third Division welcomed us in the lounge, bar, and music room. An orchestra played "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" Then the club officer, a young lieutenant who looked a little like Robert E. Sherwood, gave me a copy of "The Dogfaced Soldier," song of the Fighting Third. A USO pianist played it on the Bechstein and we all sang it. There was plenty of champagne and cognac, the house was impressive and comfortable, the evening full of high animal spirits, friendly laughter. It was hard to believe that these men had been fighting in the Bulge six months ago, that war was still raging in this area only three months ago, that the nearby city of Kassel lay in utter ruins.

The lieutenant who resembled Sherwood asked me to follow him. On the stairway he said, "I'm going to show you how far away from a foxhole a man can get in this army." We entered a vast, beautifully furnished apartment. The lieutenant went to a small table near the French windows, shoved aside his forty-five, and put out a bottle of Black and White and two glasses. "I've never lived like this before," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"Great," I said.

"Back home," he said, "I was a salesman. I don't know what I'll do when I get out of the army, but I know I won't live like this." He showed me pictures of his pretty wife and six-year-old son whom he had not seen since the kid was four. "I like to sit here late at night," he said, "and write them letters." Then he swept his hand around the room and said, "You can have it. Just give me any place in the U. S. A."

The army doesn't all live as elegantly as this lieutenant or as the young warrant officer from Brooklyn who runs the three best hotels in Paris for big brass. I've seen open-air camps where fifteen or twenty thousand troops lived under canvas and have eaten chow carelessly cooked and ladled out of huge aluminum cans into a precarious blueplate. Some soldiers take this philosophically. In the tent city outside Marburg one corporal said to me, "Everything is relative. Big tents are luxury compared to pup tents; pup tents are luxury compared to foxholes." Many G. I.'s, however, resent the inequalities in army life. They particularly resent it in sections of Germany where their living conditions are inferior to those of many German prisoners of war and of Nazi big shots who have been allowed to retain their homes.

Our army, like our civilian population, has its gradations of income, comfort, and status, but on any level the G. I. in Europe is a privileged character. He is sitting on top of the world. He is the best-equipped fighting man there is, and he has just finished off the most powerful army in Europe's history. Against the background of a continent wrecked by fascism and war, whose people are for the most part sallow, undernourished, small, poorly dressed, and thoroughly frightened, G. I. Joe stands out for his youth, good looks, energy, robust health, easygoing humor, and immense generosity. He is the best-dressed man in Europe and the richest. A pack of cigarettes, a piece of five-cent chocolate, a cake of soap, gets him services even a black marketeer can't buy. Many officers live in first-class hotels requisitioned from the French or in palatial homes taken from German industrialists and Gauleiters. Enlisted men often have barracks and clubs that would do credit to any American community. Everywhere appreciative laughter greeted F. P. A.'s gag, "How are we going to get used to the rigors of civilian life?" Europeans have the psychology of scarcity, Americans the psychology of plenty, and G. I. Joe has all the confidence and candor that go with plenty.

Yet nearly every man in the army wants to go home toot sweet, and that gives him another distinction in Europe. I ran into Poles who did not want to go back to Poland, Rumanians who did not want to go back to Rumania, and Russians who did not want to go back to Russia. The only one who invariably wants to go back to his own country is G. I. Joe. This is his central urge; it decides his gripes, amusements, and hopes.

You notice this the moment you reach Paris. You have your own sentimental memories of the city, and as your jeep rattles in from Orley Field you are not a bit disappointed visually. It is all there, the marvelous capital that has enchanted many generations. But Henry, our driver, a young Jersey grocer with a good combat record, warned us: "Hope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you brought plenty of soap and towels. You won't be able to get anything except in PX. Them Frogs have nothing at all." Then, as a crowd began to gather at 6 a. m. in the Etoile to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the liberation movement, Henry said, "They're going to parade again. There's nothing them Frogs love better than a parade. They'd rather parade than eat."

You are surprised the first time you hear this gripe. Then you reach the point where you are surprised if a G. I. says a good word for France. With some exceptions the G. I. is lonely in Paris. For a while it is all a great adventure, the thing he dreamed of in his foxhole. He goes to the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Bois; stares at the inscriptions on the Arc de Triomphe; strolls along the Left Bank; visits Gertrude Stein and Picasso. He picks up girls in the Pigalle, which he calls Pig Alley; makes money selling watches and cameras to the French; buys Chanel No. 5 and Schiaparelli for someone back home; sees the Folies Bergères; gets drunk in the Lido. But you can't keep that up forever. There comes a time when Joe stops whistling after the girls and resents it when they ask him for money right off the bat and plenty of it. He is sore about paying $1.25 for a small slug of inferior cognac or sour wine, especially since he knows the French get it for 20 francs. He hates to be gypped; he is bored. The letdown from the exciting period of combat is terrific, and Paris can't make up for it. I've seen G. I.'s wandering in the streets at night alone or in couples singing high-school songs or lying by the dozens on their backs in the Place de la Concorde, right out in the street, smoking in silence, looking up at the sky and thinking of home.

This nostalgia finds relief in criticizing the French. The women are no beauties; the men are rude and lazy, they won't work, they are not rebuilding the country. Every trifle is exaggerated, and the French do not help matters by their attitude. I've heard them tell G. I.'s openly: "You are not needed here; why don't you go home?" They complain that our soldiers are boisterous, get drunk in the streets, make no distinction between one kind of woman and another, calling after anything in skirts, and buy up things which are scarce in France.

The G. I. knows chiefly the street girl and the shopkeeper. He rarely sees real French life, which is in the home. He thinks the French are ungrateful after that marvelous day of liberation when they kissed and embraced him. When they tell him to go home, he says: "Okay, brother, just fix it for me."

The upshot of these petty conflicts is a disquieting paradox. The G. I. does not like our allies, and he has a growing admiration for the people he was fighting a few months ago. It was in France that I first heard an American soldier praising the Germans: "Them Krauts are rebuilding their country. Boy, they know how to work."

Then comes the real surprise, the G. I.'s enthusiasm for German women. We heard it for the first time from Roger, the pfc. who drove us in a jeep to Reims. He was a tall, blond, gangly boy of twenty-four from the deep South. He had lost an eye in combat, and his arms and legs were wired where German shrapnel had shattered the nerves. But he was a cheerful wag who talked about himself with great humor. He was crazy about his family back home, and talked a lot about them, too. Then he got off on his adventures with European women. In France, he said, the boys put up with street girls because what else can they do, but if you want to see real nice dames, go to Germany. They're beautiful, *beau-ti-ful,* he said, and told us about the girl who had been his "wife" in Germany.

"See these pants?" he said. "She sewed that permanent crease in them. It'll last forever. She sewed creases like that in all my pants and shirts, see what I mean. Once they put me in the guardhouse for sassing an officer. This girl heard I was on bread and water." He laughed. "I was, too. So one night she comes around to the clink and brings me a chicken. I used to tell her about Southern fried chicken, and I'll be a son of a gun if she didn't make it for me. The M. P.'s wouldn't let her into the guardhouse, but their eyes popped. They brought that chicken in to me themselves and you ain't kiddin', it was good. What a dame!"

General Eisenhower's ban on fraternization was still on when we reached Augsburg the first week of July. It prohibited "visiting German homes; drinking with Germans; shaking hands with them; playing games or sports with them; giving or accepting gifts; attending German dances or other social events; accompanying Germans on the streets, in theaters, taverns, hotels, or elsewhere except on official business; discussion and argument with Germans, especially on politics or the future of Germany."

In most respects the ban was adhered to. There was no difficulty about that. The Germans were not fraternizing with *us.* You walked along the streets of Augsburg surveying the damage our bombs had done, and streams of Germans passed you looking straight ahead in grim silence. That was typical of the United States zone.

But in regard to women the ban was a flop. Venus always follows Mars, and the Fräuleins were as the G. I.'s had described them—the healthiest, best-looking, most attractive girls in ETO and the best-dressed, too. In Paris you rarely saw women with stockings; in Germany you rarely saw women without them. It was no use telling Joe that these women were well fed and well dressed because Germany had robbed all Europe for them. Joe wanted companionship, and the Fräuleins were lonely, too. Five million German men have been killed in battle; millions of others are caged P. W.'s. And the Fräuleins play the oldest game in the world the way Joe likes it. They have a sense of humor. Laughing, they slap their backsides and say, *"Verboten!"* They do not ask for money. They do it only for their friends, and they haven't an enemy in the world.

So the G. I.'s violated the fraternization ban, sneaking off with Fräuleins into the woods or their homes. Going with German girls like that was scarcely an act of friendship toward the beaten foe. The most crushing humiliation that can be inflicted on men is to take away their women. Sometimes conquering soldiers take the enemy's women by force. G. I. Joe likes to make friends and influence women by the charm of his personality and his PX rations.

Some officers acquired steady sweethearts among the German women. The Joes picked them up in the street. When you pick up girls in the street you are likely to encounter little bugs known as gonococci and spirochaetae pallidae.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is now no secret that these had a great deal to do with altering the formal relations between the G. I.'s and the Germans. There was a $65 penalty for fraternizing. The idea was to fine Joe so heavily that he would stay away from the women. What he did was to stay away from the prophylactic station. In the army the word fraternization came to mean sex. The grapevine quoted a three-star general to the effect that cohabitation without conversation is not fraternization. The boys called *Was ist los?*—the opening phrase of a flirtation—the $65 question. The result was an alarming rise in the venereal-disease rate. The ban on fraternization had to be lifted. At first Americans were allowed to associate with Germans only in public places. Now they may visit them in their homes, too.

This solved one problem by creating two others. In general, G. I.'s are not politically minded. When they heard we had just arrived from the states, they asked about the cigarette, meat, and gasoline shortage; whether it was hot when we left; what movies were playing back home; how we celebrated V-E Day. They showed no interest in the British elections, the Truman Administration, or Germany's future. The questions they asked everybody all the time were: When do you think the Pacific war will be over, and when do you think we'll go home? The way they were put, in the intention behind them, these were personal, not political questions. They revealed that G. I. Joe, the world's best soldier, hates war and doesn't care much for army life. They revealed, too, the power of the silver cord, what Philip Wylie once called the "pull of Mom," the longing to get back to Main Street and stay there. But it was more than that. It was a recoil from Europe as the scene of slaughter, a longing for America, which was remembered and idealized as a place of peace, plenty, and freedom. In any event, wasn't Joe drifting back into a state of mind whose political expression is isolationism? And now that he could meet Germans freely and indiscriminately, wouldn't he be a sucker for Nazi propaganda? The danger was all the greater since the army made no serious effort to teach him what the basic conflicts in the modern world were about.

I was still in Augsburg when the fraternization ban was lifted. The immediate effect was interesting. People who the day before had passed us on the street in resentful silence now looked for an excuse to talk to us. An elderly woman, seeing me standing near an army car, asked if I could drive her to her mother thirty miles away. A fifteen-year-old boy wanted to know where the American Gestapo was. Gestapo means state police, and he was looking for our M. P.'s. The G. I.'s came out into the open with their Fräuleins. They complained humorously that this took all the fun out of it, but whenever necessary they reported to the Pro station. A few refused to have anything to do with the Germans even after there was no rule against it. They said that Germans are incurably evil, that the only good German is a dead German, that nothing can change their lust for world dominion, that they would start another war as soon as possible. But for the most part our soldiers were friendly to the Germans they met. They made a very clear distinction, however—at least this summer—between taking out German girls and taking in German ideas.

[*This is the first of two articles on the G. I. in Europe.*]

Brittany Goes to the Polls

BY IDA TREAT

(Ida Treat is the author of "The Anchored Heart," a story of the Breton island which was her home during the invasion and early occupation and to which she has now returned. Her husband was commander of a Free French corvette.)

Ile de Bréhat, France, September 24

THE *garde-champêtre,* our island cobbler and one policeman, knocked at my door the day before yesterday. Before I left France five years ago I used to dread his coming; invariably he brought unpleasant messages. Had I hens, ducks, or rabbits? They had to be listed for the Germans. Did I own a radio set or a wood-burning stove? Of course if I hid them well, I needn't hand them over. But would I please make a bundle of two blankets, three sheets, and as many pillow-slips? "If you don't give them willingly, they'll come and take all you have."

This time, too, the *garde-champêtre's* visit was official. But pleasanter. He brought me my voter's card. A little blue folder with Marianne in her Phrygian cap crossed by three lines of print: "*Carte d'électeur,* valid for all electors until March 31, 1946." At the top, "*République Française, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" A woman citizen of the liberated French Republic, I am now entitled to vote.

As it happens, I have never voted anywhere before. Marie-Anaik, my peasant neighbor, is one ahead of me. She cast her ballot last spring for the town council. "You come with me and I'll show you how it's done," Alain Lebras, her husband, reassured me. An elector for forty-five years, Alain can neither read nor write.

After the *garde-champêtre's* visit I received three others. Agents of the local candidates called to leave literature and ballot slips. They merely handed them in at the door. There is no house-to-house canvassing in France. Alain Lebras sums up the general feeling about tactics of that sort when he says belligerently, "I'll have no stranger coming to tell me who to vote for."

For the past week a long panel by the Town Hall has been plastered over with election posters. They all say more or less the same thing: "Our policy—reconstruction, efficient rationing, suppression of the black market, *épuration,* clean politics." The Communist posters are the only ones that show photographs: a man plowing beneath a giant crab poised in the sky—"trusts, Vichy committees, bureaucracy, parasitism, disorder"; German prisoners busy in the mined fields, with the caption "They sowed the mines; they must clear them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out. They destroyed; they must rebuild." That strikes home. A gang of prisoners has already removed eighty of the deadly "bottles" from the pasture beyond my garden wall. Alain Lebras was blown up in his own clover patch last year and by miracle is still alive. Every day we hear of accidents to farmers on the mainland, less lucky than my neighbor Alain. One hundred million German mines in France!

There are three candidates for the seat of *conseiller général* in our *département*—an Independent Republican, a Socialist, a Communist. The first is a retired mine engineer; the second, a local merchant's clerk; the third, the mayor of a village on the mainland.

"What's an Independent Republican?" Amélie, our village seamstress, wants to know.

"Probably a white," says Alain Lebras. (On our island the old term still applies to anyone tinged with conservatism.)

"At any rate he's old," says Marie-Anaik. *"Une vieille barbe.* What we need today is young men."

"You wouldn't vote for a Socialist!" Amélie peers scandalized from beneath the ruffles of her black wind-bonnet.

"I'm not saying. But we don't want any *ci-devants* in the new government."

Amélie is still perplexed. She is a pious woman, and the word "Republican" in pre-war days meant but one thing to her. What if the Republican candidate should turn out to be an anti-clerical!

The widow of a manufacturer of church ornaments who has just called at the farm for her milk says she has a poor opinion of all three candidates. She doesn't intend to vote at all—not until the referendum next month. The other women eye her severely. Is that the way to build up a new France?

Before the war I never felt there was much justification for the claim that French women were indifferent to suffrage. Certainly what has happened since—defeat, invasion, resistance, and the daily fight for bare essentials—has been enough to shake any woman out of her lethargy (though I should never think of associating "lethargy" with any French woman of my acquaintance). Here in Brittany women have run farm and family—including the seafaring husband during his brief appearances—for generations. No shock of war was needed to give the sailor's wife a sense of responsibility. Is her status as citizen now recognized officially? So much the better. That is justice. To govern a state, what is it but governing a family and a farm on a bigger scale? Brittany women are interested in government rather than "politics." They leave the political game to the men of the household —a pastime like *belotte* or *manille* at the village inn, or bowls on the square. The women on the farm have never had time for play.

In the farmhouse kitchen Marie-Anaik adjusts her spectacles and studies the three programs laid side by side on the kitchen table.

"When we chose the town council, a lot of people wanted Yvonne Leguen, the baker's wife. She's been to school, knows everybody, and talks well. Talks a lot. I voted for Alice Lasblé. She's no talker, but she has one of the best-run farms on the east shore and she did it all herself. Yvonne bakes the bread, but the rest of us furnish the wheat. When threshing stopped last month because there wasn't any more gasoline for the thresher, the Mayor—he's another talker—said we'd have to wait and that was all there was to it. As if we could wait, with the autumn storms coming on! But Alice went off to the *Préfecture* and we got fuel for the thresher in two days. We have to deliver our wheat if we want unrationed bread next month. I'm glad Alice was elected. You see, she understands; she's one of us."

Obviously the retired engineer is not "one of us." That must be one of the reasons why Marie-Anaik pushes aside the ballot slip of the Independent Republican. An additional reason: she doesn't like the word "Independent." "If he's alone he's nobody. If there are people behind him I want to know who they are." As for the labels "Socialist" and "Communist," they have no terrors for her. "They can't frighten me any more with words."

Election Day. A typical autumn Sunday—high winds chasing the clouds across the sky, brief squalls of driven rain, and the tide of the equinox piling up thirty feet of water against the rocks. In the Town Hall on the square the *urne*, the ballot-box, stands ready, between the *isoloirs*, two red curtains tacked to the rafters. Six hundred voters are on the list that the Mayor's assistant checks off one by one.

All day long they come. After early mass the congregation queues up on the steps of the *Mairie*. "The whites vote in the morning, the reds in the afternoon," grins the *garde-champêtre*.

Old women in their wind-bonnets, clutching the blue card. Families in their Sunday best. The doctor's widow, back from two years in the concentration camp, where her husband died. The electrician, still wearing the beret and khaki uniform of General LeClerc's troops. (The electrician's wife was shot for denouncing patriots.) The schoolmistress on crutches—she was injured during the bombing of Nantes. The innkeeper's wife, whose son, a political deportee, is still missing. The former Mayor, who was accused of intelligence with the enemy, and acquitted. The white-haired woman who delivers telegrams—in black for her prisoner of war who never came home.

At the inn two red-faced merchants from the mainland are having lunch with two noisy girls. Wine at 250 francs the bottle, lobster at 160 francs the portion. The girls in brand-new tailored suits, brand-new high-heeled shoes—there is not a scrap of leather at our cobbler's—and with huge leather handbags. The whole get-up of the party screams black market.

"Are you voting, Yvice?" asks one of the girls.

"Penses-tu!" guffaws the merchant. "Haven't you seen the posters? It's Cachin, Thorez and Company who are going to save France."

I climbed the steps of the Town Hall, flanked by Marie-Anaik and Alain. One by one we handed in our cards and received in exchange a blue envelope with the seal of the Republic in the center. Behind the red curtain each slipped his ballot in the envelope and stepped out again to drop it in the box. Three more names checked off the voters' list.

"I hope our man wins," said Alain as we crossed the square.

"Whoever wins, he'll have a lot to do."

"He and the rest of us," said Marie-Anaik.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Heresy in High Places

THE Committee for Economic Development is the youngest, the best publicized, and the most evangelical of the national organizations devoted to the advancement of private enterprise. Unlike the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, it does not carry on offensive and defensive lobbying in Congress. Its mission has been to create faith in the ability of business to solve the nation's economic problems by encouraging business to plan for prosperity. To this end it has organized intensively at the community level, setting up more than 2,900 local C. E. D.'s to spread the gospel throughout the land. From these branches a mass of data has flowed to the busy headquarters in New York, there to be translated into inspirational releases.

As a result of all this activity, the C. E. D. was able to announce promptly on the cessation of hostilities in August that in the first full post-war year, out of a total labor force of 60,000,000, 53,500,000 would be employed. Allowing for 3,500,000 men in the armed forces, and a "labor float" composed of men changing jobs or voluntarily idle numbering 2,500,000, it estimated that only about a half-million men would be actually unemployed. Another report issued in September suggested that reconversion would be completed by September 1, 1946, when total employment would be 24 per cent higher than in 1940 and only 12½ per cent below the war-time peak. If this did not mean "full employment"—a phrase which the committee appears to shun—it did indicate employment at a fairly high level.

The basis of the committee's statistics is the collection through local and industry groups of estimates by individual business men of the numbers on their pay rolls if orders come in as plentifully as they hope. That is to say, the figures tell us a good deal more about potential production than they do about actual demand. Clearly, the C. E. D. board was aware of this fact, even though its publicity tended to obscure its significance, for it set its Research Committee to work on the problem of how to maintain total demand so as to absorb total production.

The report of this committee, published on October 11 under the title "Toward More Jobs and More Freedom," is an important document. In fact, I am tempted to call it "historic," for it provides proof that some of the basic concepts of Keynesian economics have at last penetrated into the upper stratum of American business society.

America's capacity to produce in abundance and variety, the report asserts, has been amply demonstrated, but "we have not yet shown a corresponding ability to maintain peace-time market demand for goods and services at satisfactory levels." How, then, since business men cannot produce unless they sell, is demand to be sustained? I have insufficient space to summarize the report's analysis of the different causes of instability in demand. It is good to note, however, that "consumer confidence" is given the same prominence as "business confidence," and that the role of insecurity of employment in undermining consumer confidence and so curtailing demand is recognized.

The most striking section of the report is that devoted to the "crucial responsibilities" of government "for promoting and maintaining high levels of productive employment." In the fiscal and monetary fields, it declares, government exerts a major influence on the stability of demand. The huge volume of public debt and the probable magnitude of national revenue and expenditure in the post-war period will give government fiscal policy a greater "leverage" than ever. In what way can this leverage be most effectively exercised? The conventional business answer is by rigid economy, by tax reduction, by balancing the budget, and by reducing debt. The C. E. D. Research Committee takes another view. "It is generally agreed," its report declares, "that an annual balance of the budget is impractical—that an attempt to balance in a depression year might work against recovery. And yet it is agreed that a peace-time increase in the public debt should be avoided and that as much debt should be retired as is consistent with maintaining high levels of employment and production." How are these two objectives to be reconciled? The answer, the committee suggests, is to increase expenditure and reduce taxes when market demand is weak, to reduce spending and raise taxes in periods of prosperity.

Here we have, in short, a new statement of the "compensatory theory," which looks to government fiscal policies to offset the fluctuations in demand inherent in the free-market system. It is the theory which gave potency to the Murray Full Employment bill before that measure was emasculated by Senator Taft's amendment assuring a balanced budget precedence over the maintenance of jobs. The C. E. D., although it has phrased its statement timidly, and shrunk from exploring its full implications, does indorse the view that it is the state of employment which must determine budgetary policy and not vice versa.

Members of the Research Committee responsible for this report include Ralph E. Flanders, New England industrialist and president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston; Marion B. Folsom, treasurer of Eastman Kodak; Paul Hoffman, president of Studebaker; Eric A. Johnston, of Chamber of Commerce fame and now "movie czar"; Ernest Kanzler, chairman of Universal Credit Corporation; Beardsley Ruml, treasurer of Macy's; and R. Gordon Wasson, vice-president of J. P. Morgan and Company. No impractical professors of economics on this list! The one member of the committee who dissented from the fiscal policies advocated in the report was John Fennelly, partner in the investment firm of Glore, Forgan and Company.

Looking at this roster of eminently respectable business men, one is not surprised that the *Wall Street Journal* could hardly believe its eyes. Unable to shake off a life-long habit of never directly criticizing powerful figures in the business world, it makes the rather insulting suggestion that the majority of the men responsible for the report actually disagree with it. Henry Hazlitt, the Hayek of the New York *Times*, is more frank. He finds the report a "most disheartening development," and while I take an exactly opposite view, I understand his dismay. When economic heresy spreads to such quarters, where is it going to stop?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The People's Front

OF ALL those who, during the past five years, have talked so much about the necessity of unity and concerted effort to make sure that the war should not be lost politically, only the workers have translated words into action. The liberals, divided before the war, remain divided today. They cling stubbornly to their separate organizations and continue to conduct little vendettas among themselves mixed in with all sorts of courtesies and smiles. Some of them have become bitter and cynical: they are anti-British, anti-Russian, anti-everything. Others have fallen into a kind of mysticism: they think that merely by pronouncing the magic words "world government" they can open a door of escape from the hard realities that we face today.

Until now only labor has taken effective international action. Governments and workers began to deal with the peace at the same moment. But while the governments wrangled at San Francisco, the labor leaders of the world were working together in Oakland to build a new international. Few people paid any attention to their efforts; of the thousand newspapermen in San Francisco, only a half-dozen of us crossed the bridge to Oakland to watch them at work. The Oakland meeting, unlike the one at San Francisco, was successful; in September at Paris the World Federation of Trade Unions emerged, fully articulated and united, as one of the few promises of the post-war world. We don't know how the first public assembly of the new league of nations will come out. We don't know whether we shall witness the divisive bickering that took place at San Francisco and ruined the recent Conference of Foreign Ministers in London. But the international labor organization is already there, uniting the proletariat of forty countries, broadening day by day the sphere of its activities.

The World Federation of Trade Unions has demanded representation in the United Nations Organization in an advisory capacity. Its demand should be strongly supported by everyone who wants to avoid a new war. The presence of the labor international would inject blood and sinew into the UNO. The new league had a difficult birth, complicated by the rivalries and suspicions of its members, big and small. But what weighs most heavily against it is its remoteness from the people. During the war there was much brave talk about giving the common man a place at the peace conference, about the participation of citizens' organizations in administering the peace. Women's groups, liberal organizations saw themselves seated around the green baize table. They believed that at the very least their leaders would have a voice and would form part of the new world secretariat. It was a nice dream. But old-time diplomacy, which still rules the world, has no intention of permitting "the people" to participate in the peace. It will continue the tested practice of Geneva: one condescended to receive a delegation from time to time; one talked vague generalities with them and then ignored their demands entirely.

But the world labor movement is no "delegation to Geneva." It is 70,000,000 organized workers, knowing what they want and how to ask for it. They will not be so easy to brush off, especially if they are courageously led. And that is just what the new organization has—leaders who realize their strength and are determined to have that strength acknowledged and respected.

Among those leaders I particularly want to mention Sidney Hillman. His share in the creation of the labor international was in a certain sense decisive. He has proved an able and skilful diplomat at a time when diplomacy's stock is very low indeed. Without his patient intervention it might have been impossible to hold the British and Russian delegates together. But his historic contribution has been to introduce the American labor movement into world affairs. From time immemorial American labor has been all but absent from the international movement. The role of the American Federation of Labor in the International Federation of Trades Unions was hardly more than nominal—and what influence it exercised was reactionary. At international labor conferences or at moments of crisis like the terrible days of Munich, when the question of mobilizing world labor came up, someone always suggested, "We must get the Americans in on this." Came the invariable answer: "That's a waste of time. American labor leaders are not interested in foreign affairs unless their country is directly involved; they are concerned only with wages, hours, and working conditions."

I have spent more than thirty years in the world struggle for socialism; in that time American labor as a political factor has been practically non-existent. Everybody was familiar, of course, with the I. W. W. program of direct action. We knew, too, the fighting spirit of certain unions, notably the steel workers and the miners. But the I. W. W. was an anarcho-syndicalist, anti-socialist organization, while other powerful unions confined their interests exclusively to American problems.

It is the C. I. O. leaders who have put an end to this position, which in no way reflected the strength or even the militancy of American labor. The day on which Philip Murray announced that labor was going to ask for a place at the peace table marked a turning point for workers in America and in the world. Labor must participate in solving all the problems connected with the peace, beginning with the problem of the control of atomic energy. By courageously crossing the frontiers of the United States, American labor will now command attention in Europe as well as at home. In the international crises that lie ahead it can play a decisive role. At the same time the increase in its prestige abroad will place it in a better position to fight for the interests of American workers. Sidney Hillman and the C. I. O. have rendered an invaluable service to international democracy.

DEL VAYO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MORGENTHAU'S PLAN FOR GERMANY

BY LEON HENDERSON

GERMANY IS OUR PROBLEM. By Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Harper and Brothers. $2.

MOST people are familiar with the general outlines of the Morgenthau plan for Germany. But I recommend that this book be read from cover to cover, copiously underlined, and kept handy in the magazine rack as background for news stories on the subject, which will serve to illumine the plan's weaknesses and strengths. The German problem will be with us for many moons. Current procedure will be reorganized many times, it is safe to predict, but the Morgenthau plan in toto will never be adopted. It can be, however, a yardstick to measure our "flagging will" to render Germany impotent for war.

Henry Morgenthau would deprive Germany of all heavy industries and by breaking up the Junker estates provide farms for its surplus population. He would evict all Germans from the industrial Ruhr, internationalize it, and partition the rest of the Reich into a northern and a southern state. These states would be under Allied control, operating through a ministry of German civil servants, until satisfactory self-governance is possible. The European economy would be fortified by all useful machinery, raw materials, and labor to be found in Germany, but no continuing reparations in industrial products would be exacted, lest this help Germany to rebuild its war-making potential again. Morgenthau would bring our soldiers home and leave the military occupation to Germany's continental neighbors. Real disarmament would be undertaken immediately by commissions of the United Nations as war allies, and not by the UNO. As war allies, they would exercise complete external control over foreign trade, foreign exchange, foreign assets, and the like, but they would be forbidden to assume any responsibility for internal economic controls except for military purposes.

One of the chief values of the book is to be found in the forceful review of the tragic mistakes made by the Allies after World War I. Without quoting Poincaré's prophetic forebodings or Winston Churchill's expressed fears of the Bolshevist menace, the author recaptures the essence of both for pertinent warning today. His chapters on the dangers of long-continued reparations and on Germany's will to try it again and ability to try it again are convincing. (The War Department has had an elaborate survey of bombing damage made by qualified civilians. Their disturbing report, if it is made public, will amply fortify Mr. Morgenthau's contention that 75 per cent of Germany's industrial potential is intact.) These chapters take on added strength when considered in conjunction with the future of atomic-bomb warfare and with the Kilgore report, "Elimination of German Resources for War."

The case for de-industrialization of Nazi Germany is well made, but the methods proposed leave much to be desired, unless the book is to be an "I-told-you-so" twenty years hence. Mr. Morgenthau, in stating his reasons for writing the book, says that the Potsdam Declaration was an attempt by the three principal Allies to carry out the objectives of his policy. Reserving comment on the Potsdam Declaration and the nullifications and deviations by its administrators and their advisers, this reviewer finds great difficulty in believing that the Big Three saw eye to eye with the ex-Secretary of the Treasury. The difficulty is greater when one reads Part Two of the Morgenthau plan, which is omitted from the book for some reason, though it was the portion which excited the most violent opposition of Henry Stimson. As I understood the basic philosophy of the plan from a reading of it and explanations by the Morgenthau subordinates, all heavy industries were to be removed or destroyed, and the Germans were to be left to shift for themselves in a pastoral state. "Let them stew in their own juice" was the phrase most often used to describe the plan. History may prove this to have been the ablest suggestion, or Henry Morgenthau's plan may win by default later, but that is quite different from finding it within the Potsdam Declaration. (There is a similarity of language between the declaration and the recently published directive of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, 1067, revised, by which American control is exercised.)

No, the Potsdam Declaration does not reflect the Morgenthau philosophy, and the British especially would certainly deny it. Morgenthau wants complete elimination of heavy industries; the declaration speaks of rigid control and restriction, and plainly contemplates not a pastoral state but a modest balance between agriculture and industry. Take steel, for example. The dispute among the Allies is not concerned with the entire destruction of the industry but with how much tonnage should be retained of Germany's 23,000,000-ton capacity. The Russians suggest 3,000,000 tons, the British urge 11,000,000 tons, our own FEA experts suggest 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 tons. In 1932 Germany used 4,000,000 tons of steel for domestic purposes. If Germany were left to govern itself, on Morgenthau lines, even 3,000,000 tons of steel could rebuild a military machine.

Morgenthau as prophet is proving to be accurate. Nearly every dispatch describing the operation of United States controls seems to buttress his forecasts that the American soldier is "too inexperienced in the ways of international banditry to serve as a guard in the German reformatory." Raymond Daniell, the New York *Times* correspondent, reports from Berlin, "We Talk Tough, but We Act Soft," "Pity for Germans Grows in U. S. Ranks," "Germans to Regain County,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City Rule," and "U. S. Experts Urge Reich Export Rise, Russia Suspicious."

Such signs are ominous. Taken together with the failure of the London conference of Foreign Ministers, they may influence us to withdraw from Europe. Taken together with Patton's removal in Bavaria, they may mean what Morgenthau hesitates to say—that it was a mistake to intrust the army with civil administration, and that the State Department's German policy has been weak. It is fair to assume from present indications that President Truman will act soon to eradicate soft tendencies in our German administration, perhaps by replacement with civilians and by a stronger political representative. Certainly a major change is called for. In the circumstances, what workability has the Morgenthau plan?

The first hurdle is to persuade our European Allies, particularly the French and the British, to accept the reduction of Germany to a state primarily of small farms. I spent most of last winter in Europe studying plans for the economic control of Germany. I was compelled to report my disappointment over the lack of determination to dismantle the German industrial state. The reasons were many and mixed, but bulking large was the fact that the Western European countries were far more exhausted and crippled than we, who gained strength through the war effort, can realize. These European countries, faced with desperate problems of national existence, just do not possess the extra energy and resources to reorganize Europe's industrial economy and at the same time handle all the dislocation and chaos which would attend forced agriculturalization of the enemy. They have other ideas, and they are sure the Russians have, too.

De Gaulle and most of the French support the proposal to internationalize the Ruhr, but for the most part the British and the Russians are indifferent. Even the French say it would be impossible to deport all Germans from the Ruhr, or to repopulate the region with other nationalities. Most of the French officials whom I consulted said they would not favor Ruhr internationalization unless the United States promised to maintain troops in Europe for more than twenty years. The memory of Allied resistance to French occupation in the twenties, which eventually led to English support of German rearmament, is still too vivid in France. Again, the four-way partition of Germany and the peculiar alignment of reparations validated at Potsdam set a pattern which is almost an insurmountable barrier to internationalization of the Ruhr. Some of the drive generated by the "heat of battle" has been lost. A different pattern of accord, even a modified Morgenthau plan, might have been set up by the European Advisory Commission if the American agencies had permitted it to try to get agreement on matters requiring joint operations. Even the Russians seemed willing last winter to cooperate with Ambassador Winant on over-all matters, but our difficulties with policy here at home prevented agreement.

The greatest obstacle to acceptance of the Morgenthau plan is doubt whether 5,000,000 workers, displaced by the removal of heavy industries, could be relocated on farms in Germany's reduced territory. The British study of this possibility vigorously denies it. So does FEA Project 23, a careful survey by four American agricultural experts whose opinion I respect. Morgenthau argues the possibility of absorption, but says anyway it is a German, not an Allied, problem. This may mean that he feels that if chaos, dislocation, and unemployment result, these may serve to carry out Roosevelt's idea, as expressed in a letter to Secretary of War Stimson: "It is of utmost importance that every person in Germany should realize that this time Germany is a defeated nation. I do not want them to starve to death, but, as an example, if they need food to keep body and soul beyond what they have, they should be fed three times a day with soup from army soup kitchens. That will keep them perfectly healthy, and they will remember that experience all their lives. The fact that they are a defeated nation, collectively and individually, must be so impressed on them that they will hesitate to start any new war."

Most of us, for mixed reasons, would like to have the lesson of defeat driven home, but we shrink from any personal responsibility. The plan strives valiantly to sidestep the responsibility for consequences but does not quite succeed. Those who must administer the country, unless they are drawn from those who survived Nazi horrors, will be driven to ease tensions, to get things going again. Human nature is the strongest opponent of the plan.

Despite the challenges to the workability of his plan, Henry Morgenthau's book is now the ablest fighting weapon against a soft peace.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THE HENRY JAMES REVIVAL may be said to have reached something of a milestone with the publication of a volume of James's short stories selected and edited by Clifton Fadiman (Random House, $3), if only because Mr. Fadiman's imprimatur will bring this book to rest on so many living-room tables, likely and unlikely, throughout the land. It is a circumstance which might have elicited one of James's deeper chuckles—the circumstance, I mean, that the least known of his little-read works should be not only presented to a "vast audience" by one who happens to be master of ceremonies of a popular radio program but presented in the manner, ingratiating but strict, of a good instructor.

The seventeen stories are arranged in a "course," progressing from "the relatively simple to the supremely complex, from the casual to the concentrated, from the merely serious to the grandly tragic," from Four Meetings to The Pupil, The Beast in the Jungle, and The Jolly Corner. And aside from the introduction there is appended to each story a note which "places" it in James's development—and often, I may add, puts the putative reader in his place as well.

I find it an excellent course. The introduction goes straight to the important points. Among other things, Mr. Fadiman formulates "the case against James" and discusses it with coolness and intelligence and with the simplicity which "is on the other side of the complex—not that which never has divined it." He has understood, for instance, James's view of art and its function, not as the embalming process implied in the phrase "art for art's sake" as it is ordinarily used, but as an organizing principle which confers meaning, shape, and immortality on the perishable materials of human experience and character. Mr. Fadiman defends James, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTSTANDING NEW NON-FICTION FROM VIKING . . .

FRANKLIN AND HIS BIOGRAPHER COLLABORATE Here, for the first time, is the whole autobiography—in Franklin's own words as he might have completed it himself—with additions from manuscripts now first published or collected. Never have his personal writings been assembled in so valuable and significant a form. $5.00

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS

Carl Van Doren, Editor

AN ADVENTURING SCIENTIST LEADS US BACK INTO OUR PAST From rabbits to dinosaurs, this famous scientist has hunted almost everything that ever lived. Now he tells of the exciting search for man's ancestral pedigree. In this popular account, the bones of our prehistoric ancestors reveal their part in the cosmic drama of mankind. *Illustrated* $3.00

Roy Chapman Andrews

MEET YOUR ANCESTORS

DUAL EXPRESSION OF HARTLEY'S GENIUS

Known to the public as a painter, Hartley was equally gifted as a poet. Here is his best poetry, accompanied by nine reproductions of his paintings. *Illustrated.* $3.00

SELECTED POEMS

Edited and introduced by Henry W. Wells

POEMS FROM A NEW LITERARY TALENT

His first collected volume of poems published in America is striking evidence of Dr. Comfort's talent—a significant work by the author of *The Power House.* $1.75

by Alex Comfort

THE SONG OF LAZARUS

THE ROOTS OF JAPANESE FANATICISM

This story of a people in the grip of a sinister religion explains the legend on which Japan's political doctrines are founded. $2.75

by Robert O. Ballou

SHINTO

The Unconquered Enemy

20th Anniversary Year

At all Booksellers THE VIKING PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he manages pretty much to avoid the defensive tone. He does not write down and he does not simplify. As a result, the rich complexity of a great artist stands forth as a value to be plumbed, not as a defect to be overcome. He cannot resist making use, and clever use, of James as a witness to the incorrigibly vicious character of "the German." This is the only gaffe in the book—I call it a gaffe not merely because I disagree with Mr. Fadiman's attitude toward the German question but because so crude a generalization seems utterly out of place among the meticulous differentiations of James. But it is far less telling than the use James makes, so to speak, of Fadiman. For Mr. Fadiman's introduction and his notes, brief as they are, contain an indictment of our contemporary way of life and culture in which texts from James are driven home with such fierce feeling that the arraignment takes on the aspect of a personal testament, even of a mea culpa. I quote several paragraphs, not merely because they illustrate the tone and temper of Mr. Fadiman's comments, but because his polemic seems to me so full of force and pertinence.

> For example [he writes in his introduction], those who care passionately for our English speech find in the precision, the exquisiteness, the close workmanship of James's prose a relief from the careless, uncleanly, and hyperthyroid jargon which currently passes muster for sound writing. James's almost fussy concern for elevated, even noble standards of craftsmanship operates in agreeable contrast to our own fetish of relaxation, our cult of "informality" (a sweet name for mental laziness). Ours is a period in which books are made easy for us to read; in which, if this reading is too hard for us, we are given pictures accompanied by nursery-prose captions; in which if pictures are too difficult we are furnished with comic-strips. Years ago James saw all this coming. Indeed, he described with stunning accuracy the triumph of our most admired journalism when he spoke of "the bastard vernacular of communities disinherited of the felt difference between the speech of the soil and the speech of the newspaper, and capable thereby, accordingly, of taking slang for simplicity, the composite for the quaint, and the vulgar for the natural." To Howells he wrote, "The *faculty of attention* has utterly vanished from the Anglo-Saxon mind, extinguished at its source by the big, blatant Bayadère of Journalism." Those who find themselves unable to agree that the communication of ideas and feelings must necessarily be on a pre-adolescent level find in the careful complexities of Henry James a welcome challenge.

In the following passage he is writing of The Great Good Place, the story which he considers "most densely charged with contemporary application."

> One good way to feel this story is to read it, as I chance just to have done, after listening to Mozart. The Mozartian note—perfection achieved with essentials—is precisely *not* the note of our time. We are anti-Mozartian in many ways but primarily in our passion for organizing non-essentials, both material and mental. Dimly conscious that we have lost a few simple things, we cover over our sense of loss by distributing as widely and as ingeniously as possible a million complicated things. . . .
>
> The consequence of what James in this story calls "the modern madness, mere maniacal extension and emotion," is a special form of lunacy known as being "under pressure." The sense of pressure has little to do with overwork or specific worries. Rather is it identical with the whole pattern of our lives, based on "getting somewhere" or "getting something." It comes about because we are engaged in doing something unnatural. We are neglecting, we are denying, man's rational mind.
>
> The Great Good Place is the world of Mozart's music, "all beautiful with omissions." It is not—this is the whole point—a mere refuge, an escape hole. On the contrary, it is "real life"—the life of achievement, success, accumulation, and motion—that is the escape. It is the escape from the mind, the escape from reflection, the escape from a recognition of one's own personality. The Great Good Place is simply ordered reality, stripped truth. Wherever the mind comes into its own, that is the Great Good Place. As the Brother says, "I don't speak of the putting off of one's self; I speak only—if one has a self worth sixpence—of the getting it back."

Mr. Fadiman has "done well" by James's shorter fictions; and he himself is not the least interesting, or the least Jamesian, of the characters to be met with in the pages of this book.

The Voice of Liberal Japan

DILEMMA IN JAPAN. By Andrew Roth. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE dilemma discussed here is that of the victorious powers in dealing with defeated Japan, a dilemma born of the conflicting policies of the "Japan gang" and the "China gang" in the State Department. Despite the recent reorganization of the department, despite the "hard peace" now being increasingly driven home to the Japanese people by the MacArthur administration, some embarrassing signs of this dilemma have risen to the surface during the first several weeks of the occupation. Thus we find the occupation government still doing business with "the group which proclaim themselves authentic moderates and liberals," as Mr. Roth warns our authorities might do, and getting dangerously close to becoming "the watchdogs of the Old Order and the Old Gang" in Japan. Mr. Roth's uncanny analysis of the situation, written long before the events he forecasts actually happened, reads like a well-documented history except that it is written in the future instead of the past tense. It is a monument to the intelligence of the American experts on Japan. Many so-called experts, including the Old Gang, have written copiously but often with disappointing naivete and superficiality about Japan. In sharp contrast, Mr. Roth writes with rare insight and deep understanding. He deals with the basic cause of Japan's military aggression, its economic, political, and social feudalism, and uncovers the democratic forces within Japan with which we can and must work.

Mr. Roth has rendered an important public service by showing how we may revert to our earlier occupation policy of "appeasement" and, on the other hand, how the democratic forces within Japan can be assisted and encouraged to make "a sweeping democratic transformation and a complete recasting of . . . its entire political and economic system." These forces, Mr. Roth points out, are to be found in four groups: "among small business men who seek to break the crushing hold the *Zaibatsu* and the burden of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A distinguished American critic presents a giant of American literature

THE SHORT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES

Edited, with an introduction and notes, by **CLIFTON FADIMAN**

➡ The reputation of Henry James grows greater year by year. Interest in his work is reaching, in this decade, the proportions of the Proust cult of the '20's and the Joyce boom of the '30's—and rightfully so. For this American author, born 100 years ago, ranks with the French *Proust*, the Irish *Joyce*, and the German *Mann* as one of the few truly great *modern* writers.

James wrote about 80 short stories. Here are 17 of his best, carefully selected not only for their literary quality, but as illustrations of the themes that absorbed his creative imagination for over a quarter of a century. *700 pages, 17 stories, with critical notes on each story by Mr. Fadiman.* *$3.00*

At all bookstores

RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

Publishers of the Modern Library

How many of these Henry James stories have you read?

FOUR MEETINGS
A BUNDLE OF LETTERS
LOUISA PALLANT
THE LIAR
THE REAL THING
THE PUPIL
BROOKSMITH
THE MIDDLE YEARS
THE ALTAR OF THE DEAD
"EUROPE"
THE GREAT GOOD PLACE
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE
THE TONE OF TIME
MRS. MEDWIN
THE BIRTHPLACE
THE BEAST IN THE JUNGLE
THE JOLLY CORNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war-time taxation, among professionals opposed to militarism and favoring democracy and the opportunities it provides for full use of their skills, among industrial laborers seeking democracy and the opportunities for improving their living standards, and among peasants interested in throwing off the yoke of a semi-feudal and parasitic landlordism." The four groups form "a core of conscious democrats and genuine anti-militarists," and while they may not agree "on ultimate objectives or on tactics," they will nevertheless rally under one banner because "the task of reforming Japan is sufficient in scope to command the assiduous and cooperative efforts of all democrats and anti-fascists." Mr. Roth describes dramatically the past performances of these "hardy democrats," and gives us assurance that the Japanese people lack neither "forward-looking individuals" for necessary political and economic leadership nor the will for a fundamental and lasting change.

No more accurate record of Japan's "conscious democrats and genuine anti-fascists" has ever appeared in print. Indeed, Mr. Roth has contributed to the democratization of Japan by giving a voice to Japan's hardy democrats. The most amazing fact is that though he is not one of them himself, he has so much and such correct knowledge about them. This reviewer, if he may be forgiven for asserting it, counts himself one of those Japanese "who received their higher education in the twenties, when non-traditional thought was most widespread in the universities"—this was true at the college, Meiji Gakuin, whose president was none other than the Daikichiro Tagawa that Mr. Roth mentions along with Yukio Ozaki in Chapter VII.

The life story of a courageous Hindu and her famous family

WITH *No* REGRETS

Krishna Nehru

"The autobiography of the sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. The author, like her brother, writes with an easy grace, and she has made what she has to say about herself, her family, her upbringing, and her political opinions into a constantly interesting personal narrative that is certainly as important a book as has been published about India this year."
—*The New Yorker.* *Illustrated.* $2.00

An ASIA PRESS Book
at all bookstores

The JOHN DAY COMPANY

Mr. Roth speaks for the long-suffering democratic leaders of Japan the words they have been forbidden to utter in Japan and cannot yet freely speak. And he speaks for them—for us—eloquently and sincerely. Everyone who wishes to know what "Ozaki, Tagawa, and Saito, as well as the lesser-known democrats" in Japan are thinking but are prevented from communicating because of language and other difficulties will find it in Mr. Roth's book, for he has given us the voice of liberal Japan. TSUYOSHI MATSUMOTO

BRIEFER COMMENT

Oklahoma

OLD-TIME EDITORS of small-town papers had a success formula to the effect that you printed the names of every subscriber to your paper at least once a year. Marquis James seems to have applied this to his story of his Oklahoma boyhood, called "The Cherokee Strip" (Viking Press, $3). If he has left out the name of any man, woman, or child who was in or around Enid, Oklahoma, in the years between 1893 and 1911, said Oklahoman has a just complaint. The winner of the Pulitzer prize for his first-rate biography of Andrew Jackson has done an autobiography filled to the brim with small-town characters, about each of whom he has some anecdote, engaging, indifferent, boresome. His father's story about the famous "run" in 1893, when the section of Indian land which is the locale of this book was opened to white settlement, is a good one, and his accounts of some of the ways of the tramp printers who were always blowing in and out of the newspaper shops are faintly amusing. But a few pages of Oscar Ameringer's neglected autobiography, "If You Don't Weaken," are worth all of Mr. James's prolonged memories if you want a good picture of what the Southwest was like before it was conquered by the oil men and their pliant politicians.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Aldous Huxley's Philosophy

MANY WISE MEN are quoted in Aldous Huxley's new book, "The Perennial Philosophy" (Harper's, $3), to show that the great religious and mystical writers of the East and the West really agreed with each other about the good life and God. One would expect this hidden unanimity to be suspected, like everything else that is too good to be true. But Mr. Huxley is without suspicion. He is not disturbed that these great authors appear to disagree with each other, nor is he perplexed by their own strong impression of disagreement. He has found a sufficient number of resemblances in their writings to persuade himself that there is a Perennial Philosophy, a phrase which he capitalizes and whose common usage to signify Thomism he ignores.

Drawing without bias or hesitation upon texts which are Buddhist, Brahman, Taoist, and Christian in inspiration, Mr. Huxley provides a mixture of quotation and comment upon such subjects as Grace and Free Will; Immortality and Survival; Time and Eternity; and Contemplation, Action, and Social Utility. These and other important matters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are dealt with in from ten to twenty pages, and when the brief citation and elucidation are concluded, the reader is confronted with the tacit assumption that there is little more to be said. The significance of this consensus of opinion is neither discussed nor elucidated. What if many writers have said the same thing about many important subjects? Agreement is not proof. It is not illuminating, and it is often deceptive. Even if the doctrine which Mr. Huxley represents is "immemorial and universal," it is the doctrine as such which requires attention, not mere age, repetition, or popularity. The fact is that Mr. Huxley's perennial philosophy is at once brand-new, old-hat, and a hodge-podge in which he has put together whatever he wanted to find in his reading. The reader who knows nothing of religion or mysticism will be deceived by this book, and the reader who has some acquaintance with these difficult matters will merely be irritated.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

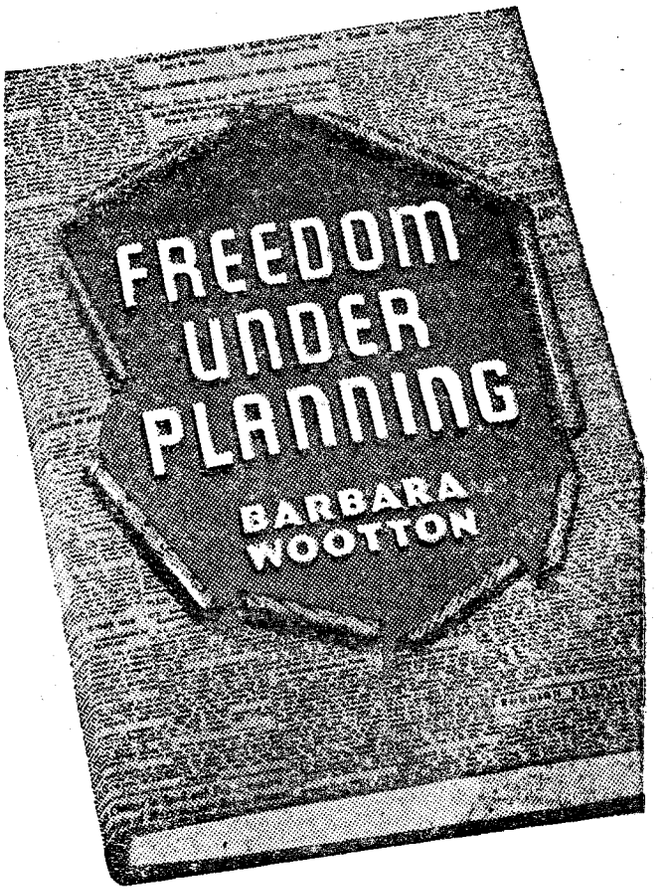
Sovereignty and Peace

NOTHING SHOWS more convincingly the obsessive character of the principle of self-determination than its inclusion in the Atlantic Charter despite its glaring failure as a device for implementing Wilson's Fourteen Points. It was its practical inadequacy which led Dr. Alfred Cobban to a reexamination of the theory. His penetrating analysis in "National Self-Determination" (Oxford, $4.50) may disappoint both the realists and the sentimentalists of political science. Zealots of nationalism will dislike Dr. Cobban's conclusion that "national sovereignty is irreconcilable with any solution of the fundamental problems of the modern world" and leads both to national and international disaster. But his book will find favor among those concerned with the establishment of a fair balance between the big powers and the small nations which are dependent upon them. Rejecting self-determination as an "absolute right," Dr. Cobban arrives at his ultimate conclusion after unbiased examination of three multi-national empires—the British Commonwealth, the United States, and the U. S. S. R.

This conclusion is that regions having a distinct national consciousness must be treated as the basic elements "in the pattern of European society" and that the rights of scattered minorities must be enforced. Any disinterested observer will agree with Dr. Cobban that if self-determination for small nations means suicidal economic nationalism, the less we have of it the better. But since dependence on the great powers is more absolute now than ever before, this statement somehow contradicts Dr. Cobban's view that all nations "have equal rights in economic, cultural, and spiritual well-being." Even admitting that small states enjoying material prosperity are less likely to become bones of contention between great states struggling for domination over them, the assumption of unselfishness in the great states is as unwarranted as the hope of enforcing the rights of scattered minorities. Dr. Cobban himself admits that equal sovereignty of all states might become "a barrier against consolidation of world peace," and even his scholarly book fails to offer a remedy against aggressive nationalism, which has, unfortunately, survived two world wars.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

"Debunks the generalities of Hayek" — MORDECAI EZEKIEL



"SHOULD BE READ by every citizen who is interested in economic progress and democracy."—*Mordecai Ezekiel*

"PROCEEDS in a manner both informed and judicial to dissect and discuss all of the primary issues of economy, liberty, government, and culture involved in efforts to make and enforce plans designed to escape another disaster such as blasted the world after 1929."—*Charles Beard*

"THE MOST CANDID and the most conscientiously reasoned job of thinking which has yet appeared on the subject . . . offers a sorely needed corrective to such arguments as Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*."—*George Soule*

"IF I WERE teaching economics again, I would consider it one of the first five books that had to be read . . . The best thing of its kind that has come to my attention recently."—*Leon Henderson*

2nd PRINTING BEFORE PUBLICATION
$2.00 at your bookstore

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURES

ALHAMBRA
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
COLISEUM
81st STREET
86th STREET
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
58th STREET
HAMILTON
MARBLE HILL
125th STREET
PELHAM
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
ROYAL
23rd STREET
WESTCHESTER
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCHELLE
WHITE PLAINS
YONKERS

NOW RKO

"A Striking Drama, Bulging with Gusto"
—Walter Winchell

'BACK TO BATAAN'

STARRING JOHN WAYNE
WITH ANTHONY QUINN

Thrilling Story of Native Guerrilla Fights in the Philippines
— AND —
'RADIO STARS ON PARADE'
FRANCES LANGFORD • WALLY BROWN

"A great film . . . I cannot suggest my regard for it without using such words as veneration and love."
—Agee, Nation

LESTER COWAN *presents*
ERNIE PYLE'S "STORY OF
G.I. JOE"
Starring BURGESS MEREDITH as Ernie Pyle
Now playing Popular Prices
Brandt's GLOBE, B'way at 46 St.

"Delightful divertissement." . . .—N. Y. Times
NOEL COWARD'S
naughtiest comedy
"BLITHE SPIRIT"
in Blushing Technicolor
WITH
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS · REX HARRISON · KAY HAMMOND
now at the
WINTER GARDEN
BROADWAY AT 50th STREET

UNITED ARTISTS presents
Constance BENNETT • Gracie FIELDS
"Paris-Underground"
Doors Open at 8:30 A. M.
BROADWAY at 47th STREET
Brandt's GOTHAM

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Nation subscribers should give at least three weeks' notice of a change of address, indicating the old as well as the new address.

DANCE—MUSIC

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—NOW to NOV. 6
S. HUROK presents
Ballet Theatre
THE GREATEST IN
RUSSIAN BALLET
SEATS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
FOR ALL PERFORMANCES
Evenings 8:30 (Incl. Sun.), $1.20-$4.80. Mat. Sat. & Sun., $1.20 to $3.60
2,000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (PLUS TAX) AT ALL PERF.

Monday Eve. Symphonies at 8:30
N.Y. CITY SYMPHONY LEONARD BERNSTEIN
TICKETS at Box Office . . . 90¢ — $1.80, tax included.
NEW YORK CITY CENTER 131 WEST 55th STREET
F. H. LaGUARDIA, President

STAGE PLAYS

MICHAEL TODD Presents
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53rd Street. Matinees: WED. & SAT.

"DESERVES ITS GREAT SUCCESS!"—Nichols, Times
Rodgers and Hammerstein present
MARY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' "Mama's Bank Account"
with JOHN TETZEL • ADRIENNE GESSNER • RICHARD BISHOP
MUSIC BOX 45th Street, West of Broadway. Phone: Circle 6-4636
Eves. 8:35 Sharp. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:35 Sharp

Notice to Publishers

The CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER of The Nation will be dated Dec. 1. Advertisers are already placing space reservations for this annual feature, which will be printed in 48 pages or more. Deadlines: Nov. 16 for space reservations and copy to set; Nov. 21 for final OK's and complete plates.

• BOOKS OF 1945, Margaret Marshall's selective listing, will be published on Dec. 8. Deadlines for this issue are Nov. 27 for space reservations, Nov. 30 for final OK's and plates.

• Publishers' advertising rate, $200 per page. Current circulation is running well above the 42,300 reported in the Spring ABC statement.

THE Nation
20 Vesey Street New York 7, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films

JAMES AGEE

EARLY in "Kiss and Tell" Shirley Temple's screen mother is horrified to find the child stepping up her sales of guest towels to soldiers, at some kind of patriotic ice-cream supper, by throwing in kisses. This is so played that one half expects the injured innocent to squawk suddenly, "But *jee*pers, Mommy, it was only for *mon*ey," and to be snatched-to-bosom and cooed over forgivingly for the quintessence of clean-limbed American nubility she is. But that would have given too quick and conscious a happy ending; the authors have hours more of the same and worse up their sleeves. There is, for instance, a lump of calf love from across the lawn who, when he is not too busy bumping into properties, expresses himself all but exclusively through several thousand exclamations of *"ho*-ly *ca*-ow!" not too mercifully varied, now and then, by *"don't* be a *dree-yup!"* There is a Horrid Little Brother whose own favorite aria is a withering "persnly I think it's all *ve*-ry *dumb."* There is an hour or so during which the audience, pimpishly helped out by the camera, which develops an almost pathological interest in the girl's hind quarters, may tickle itself with the thought that most of the other players think that Shirley—yes, little tiny *Shir*ley—is pregnant and, for a while, even unmarried. There is a plot held together only through the enormous stupidity, cowardice, and mean-heartedness of as ugly a bunch of suburban parents as have never yet got themselves done up brown, in any treatment worthy of them. It is all brilliantly characteristic of the worst anyone could think of American family life, and it is all clearly presented on the assumption that you will find it charming, and sympathetic, and funny, because everyone in it is so exactly like you. I like Shirley Temple, and I rather like this movie, but I can't accept a foot of it, I'm afraid, in quite the spirit it is offered in.

"Blithe Spirit." Noel Coward's smooth color production of his play about the ghostly wife who returns to make mischief with the kind of second marriage generally insisted on in the dangerous words "perfectly happy." The ghost, who faintly suggests a *bidet* out of repair, is very entertaining. Whenever Margaret Rutherford is on screen, as the medium who starts and tries to control the trouble, the picture is wonderfully funny.

"And Then There Were None." René Clair–Dudley Nichols version of the Agatha Christie round-robin. Might better have been played for fear as much as for taste and laughs. Skilful cast, stretches of pretty Clair adroitness; almost devoid of feeling; a smooth, cold, amusing show.

"Duffy's Tavern." The radio characters and a variety show including everyone in Paramount—except maybe Y. Frank Freeman—who was not overseas, in hiding, or out to lunch. Most of their turns are about as incisive as a Mozart sonata played through a catcher's mitt; but Ed Gardner and Victor Moore are very likable and sometimes quite funny.

"Paris Underground." Constance Bennett production of the Etta Shiber novel about two women who helped innumerable grounded airmen get back to England. Good performance by Bennett except in any attempt to portray actions requiring a heart. Excellent performance by Gracie Fields. Otherwise mainly trash, involving enough handsome young men, in various postures of gallant gratitude, to satisfy Mae West in her prime.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

VICTOR HERBERT'S "The Red Mill" is hardly a classic, and reviving it is not exactly a cultural duty. Nevertheless, Miss Paula Stone, daughter of the star comedian in the original production, has brought it from the West Coast for an eight weeks' stay at the Ziegfeld, and I imagine that her motives are simple. Actuary statistics show that the average life span is considerably longer than it used to be, and there are undoubtedly still extant a considerable number of people who, like the present writer, remember "The Red Mill" as among the first musical comedies they ever saw. Youngsters who get taken along to the revival will probably not, as a result, be more inclined to listen with conviction to stories of the good old days, but the nostalgic—if I may use the copywriter's favorite word—will probably have a good time. And for them "The Red Mill" is not a bad choice.

In plot and atmosphere and musical style it is enough like some dozens of other operettas of the same epoch to serve a generalized purpose. Few persons now between the ages of forty-five and eighty can have failed to see in their youth something enough like it to prepare them for a *recherche du temps perdu*. In fact, most of them may be pardoned if they remain not certain whether they ever actually saw "The Red Mill" or only the same thing under several other names. In the revival some of the dancing is in a manner considerably less simple than anything known on the popular stage of 1906, but otherwise few attempts have been made at that modernization which seldom succeeds in accomplishing anything except the destruction of whatever authentic style the original may have had.

Henry Blossom's standard book, with its scene laid in picturesque Holland and its story of the burgomaster's pretty daughter doomed to marry the bigwig of a neighboring village, is relentlessly followed. Dorothy Stone plays the skirt-tossing ingenue of the period in strictly traditional fashion, and the inevitable chorus of merry village maidens starts the proceedings with the inevitable gleeful song about the holiday which has just been proclaimed. As for the rest of the score, it contains, despite long stretches of eminently forgettable filler, three or four of Herbert's better tunes, still familiar to all who occasionally eat where a string ensemble discourses discreet "dinner music"; and they are really good tunes even though each is in a long-consecrated genre — namely, the comic song "In Old New York," the romantic duet, "Because You're You," and the march song, "Every Day Is Ladies' Day with Me," the last inevitably sung in a dashing uniform and fitted out with a male chorus. If "The Red Mill" is taken as evidence, it will leave the argument concerning the good old days versus the modern still in the state where there is something to be said on both sides. Forty years from now "Oklahoma!" will almost certainly seem a good deal better than the Herbert-Blossom opus does today. On the other hand, I doubt that even the rather better than run-of-the-mill contemporary musical comedies will stand up one bit better.

BOOKS FOUND FREE!
WHAT BOOKS DO YOU WANT?
We quote lowest market prices. No charge for locating Hard-to-Find and Out-of-Print Books. All books. OLD or NEW, mailed POST-FREE.
SEARCHLIGHT BOOK NATION
22 East 17th Street, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Ladies' Day" song is very well sung by a newcomer to Broadway named Edward Dew, and a word should be said for Eddie Foy, Jr., who knows the tricks of the low comedian's trade as they are almost never known except by those who began to learn them in infancy. As chief comedian he has very nearly nothing to work with, and he fills the part out with standard steps and gestures and tumbles, every one of which is as old as the hills but most of which still get laughs when they are expertly performed.

Dance

B. H. HAGGIN

WHEN I said there had been occasion to observe that not only composers but choreographers and even dancers can have a facility in the use of their medium which enables them to go through the motions of artistic creation without having what it takes to achieve genuine artistic communication, I was thinking, in the first place, of Todd Bolender's "Comedia Balletica," which the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe has added to its repertory, and in which the given space and time is filled in with movements that convey nothing but the ability to fill a given space and time with movements. And I was thinking, in the second place, of Danielian's performance in the Monte Carlo revival of "L'Après-midi d'un faune." Any pianist with finger facility can make some effect with the cascades of sounds of a Liszt Etude; but it takes a great artist to inflect a Mozart melody. Similarly, a dancer with agility can fling himself around the stage and fill the air with leaps and turns; but it takes what the great dancer has—the inner force that projects itself through his slightest gesture, even his motionless presence—to give effect to the few simple and quiet movements of the Faun. Danielian's agility has covered his lack of that force, which is now glaringly revealed by his ineffectual movements in "L'Après-midi d'un faune"; and the piece has nothing of the power it has had in some past performances.

For the rest the Monte Carlo persists with "Red Poppy" and "Scheherazade," and without all the first-rank dancers it needs for all its first-rank parts—the result being that along with such glories as the classic ballets danced by Danilova and Franklin it continues to offer classic *pas de deux* badly danced by Krassovaka and Danielian, a "Beau Danube" that gets worse and worse with the new vulgarities that Danielian has added to his old violence, and with Danilova's lack of stamina (to say nothing of the colors of the replaced costumes).

I should mention the secure musical foundations for the dancing provided by Balaban's work with the orchestra; the somewhat shaky ones provided by Boutnikoff.

The Metropolitan's recent "Marriage of Figaro" has been one of the finest productions in its history, and Eleanor Steber's Countess one of the outstanding things in the production. Victor now offers her singing of *Porgi amor* and *Dove sono* (11-8850; $1); and I am happy to report that it is as beautiful on the record as in the opera house: the voice is as lovely, the phrasing as musical. What I am unhappy about is the orchestral contexts. And the easiest way to describe what I find wrong with them is to describe what I find right in the ones that Fritz Busch provides in the Glyndebourne recording—their relaxed pace, their refined and sensitive execution, and their integration with the vocal part. Last year I mentioned the bad effect of Leinsdorf's hurried, driving treatment of the opera when he took it over at the Metropolitan in Bruno Walter's absence; now again on the record he takes *Dove sono* at a pace too fast for its character and effect; and in addition the excellent players do no more than play their notes—with no refinement of tone, or grace, or subtlety of inflection, and above all with no relation to the line of Steber's phrasing. Moreover, the sound of the orchestra is made harsh by the recording.

The rest of Victor's October list is far less distinguished; and only two items call for discussion here. One is an album of music from "Carmen" recorded by Stokowski with the New York City Symphony (Set 1002; $4.50). The excerpts are the Prelude and Entr'actes, the Changing of the Guard, and the Chanson Bohême recorded by Beecham in the Columbia set, with the Smugglers' March, Stokowskian transcriptions of Micaela's aria and the Habanera, and the Minuet and Farandole from the "L'Arlésienne" Suite. The performances document Stokowski's further deterioration as a musician, which one had thought could not go any further: for a long time now he has not played music but played with it; until now the play has been with sonority and pace; now it is with phrasing, and one listens open-mouthed to the excessive and perverse inflections and accents that he inflicts on the music. The performances are recorded with spaciousness and distinctness; but the reverberation of the empty hall has bad effects. It is regrettable that the performances have been recorded and issued at all; but it will be even more deplorable if they replace the ones that Stokowski recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra many years ago.

Then there is the single record (11-8826; $1) with the Polonaise *Je suis Titania* from "Mignon" and the Hymn to the Sun from "Le Coq d'or," sung by Patricia Munsel. It is almost two years since I heard her sing the Polonaise in a broadcast of "Mignon" from the Metropolitan; and the bright, steady, clear tones that she produced with ease and security on that occasion left me completely unprepared for what came off the record now. If I were Miss Munsel I would, if necessary, have paid Victor back the cost of the record to keep it from being issued; and I would have stopped singing in public until I had found out how not to produce this tremolo-ridden shrieking.

I will discuss Victor's new plastic record next week.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

Alert, Intelligent Readers and Writers should belong to BASIC BOOKS . . . the NEW time and money saving way of keeping posted on current literature on psycholoanalysis, psychosomatic medicine, psychiatry and psychology.

Clip coupon and mail NOW

BASIC BOOKS, Inc.,
New York 21, N. Y.
714 Madison Ave.,

Please send me FREE Basic Bibliography and your literature pertaining to the advantages of becoming a member of BASIC BOOKS. N

Your Name.....

Address.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

America's Duty

Dear Sirs: Earl G. Harrison says, and I. F. Stone echoes him approvingly, that, because of anti-Semitism and xenophobia in all places, including America, but Palestine, the Jews have only Palestine as a possible refuge. Will they find neither anti-Semitism nor xenophobia there? It seems to me cowardice and hypocrisy for us to demand that another country be hospitable, yet not to demand it of our own. To justify the appeal made to Britain, our government ought openly to say that we will facilitate immigration, especially of the persecuted and the homeless, as far as our laws allow. And more, every man who pretends to hate Nazism should accord to the Jew in America completely equal rights of residence, of education, of employment.

EDWARD S. ALLEN

Ames, Iowa, October 9

"Fan Her Head!"

Dear Sirs: "We want democracy," said the Red Queen.

"But a revolution starts with a minority," said Alice.

"A revolution is always wrong," said the Red Queen, "until it succeeds and then it—"

"So," said Alice, "that's why the anti-fascists are now asked to keep quiet."

"Certainly," said the Red Queen. "All revolutions are wicked unless they succeed and then they are democratic and the fascists must be permitted to vote."

"But," said Alice—

JOHN BUCHANAN

Berwick, Nova Scotia, October 8

Penny-Mindedness

Dear Sirs: It is humiliating to read the protests of Senator Taft and other reactionaries against President Truman's proposal to wipe the Lend-Lease slate clean, on the ground that we are throwing away our "bargaining position" with Great Britain.

Now that we have delivered a resounding kick in the teeth to Great Britain by terminating Lend-Lease in the most ungenerous and ungracious way possible, are we to follow it up by beating our ally over the head with the bludgeon of a penny-by-penny accounting? We did our best and gave our utmost: so did the British, and for an extra two long years. Isn't that enough?

What do any of our allies have that we want and that we must extract from them by such strong-arm tactics? If we have learned anything from the last few years, it should be that what we most want from our allies is their continued friendship and trust. There are hard years ahead for all of us, and we shall not make them any easier by exercising a strangle-hold on the windpipes of our friends.

Let's stop talking and acting like a bunch of shyster lawyers and shifty-eyed horse traders, and behave like men. We American soldiers who have been stationed in England have tried to act like men, and we like to think that we have gained the friendship and respect of the English people. We don't sneak up behind our friends when they are resting in the pub from a long day in the fields with the knowledge of a very scanty supper ahead of them and sock them behind the ear. Let's have a little less loud talk from Washington about the American way of life and a little better demonstration of it in practice.

SGT. JOHN T. APPPLEBY,
U. S. A. A. F.

The Austrian Maquis

Dear Sirs: "Service Man's" letter about Austria in your October 6 issue seems to me to demonstrate in every line where and why and how AMG is making a hopeless mess of governing the liberated territories of Europe. He, like the vast majority of other Americans in uniform over there, is scarcely acquainted with European history (which is in great part the fault of the American method of schooling), and has no interest in informing himself. He states that he finds "the Austrians more disgusting than the Germans" because—among other things—they "heiled Hitler and continued doing so during the Anschluss." Perhaps the following lines written to me recently by my husband, an officer in the American army, may suggest to "Service Man" that he has a very great deal to learn about the people in whose country he is at present stationed.

But no matter what happens in the future to Austria, my memories of these days will always be tragic ones. So many Austrians died in the cause for which we all fought, and so many of them suffered, and I can still see the agony in their eyes—not from hunger and poverty, which they had experienced too, but agony that they should be treated as enemies. You must understand if I want to stay here for a while longer and do what I can. . . . I am writing a report on the whole Austrian resistance movement in my spare time. Something has got to be done to make the world realize the difference, the difficulties, the undescribable hardships of the Austrian Maquis in comparison with the Maquis in any other country of Europe. The French, may it be said to their everlasting honor, are wonderful about Austria. Only those who have suffered as Austria did have any understanding of what she has been through.

KAY BOYLE

New York, October 4

The A. V. C.

Dear Sirs: Although your articles on the subject of veterans have been generally good, I have never seen a complete article done on the subject of veterans' organizations. Because this subject is of such obvious importance, it seems to me that you are overlooking an opportunity to do complete justice to a new group, the American Veterans' Committee, that stands for the principles and ideals you proclaim.

I am a member of this organization and have been fortunate enough to be present at the founding of three local chapters in Indiana. The task has been no easy one because the older organizations completely dominate the scene.

How completely successful they have been in influencing public officials and even the general public is well illustrated in Highland Park, Ill. There, it seems, the American Legion has almost succeeded in its proposal to make the war memorial for that town an enlargement to the American Legion Post.

We of A. V. C. need the support and cooperation of all liberals. *The Nation* could do its part in an article setting forth the aims of all the groups and allowing public opinion to judge which was most entitled to support.

MURRAY SILBERSTEIN

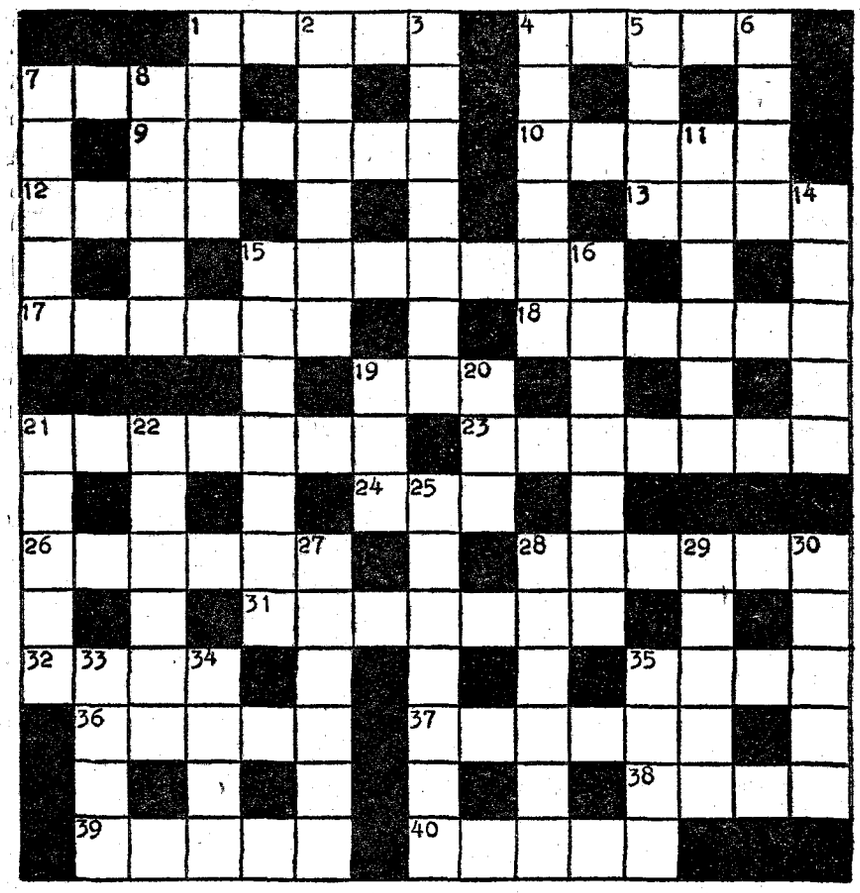
Naval Armory,
Michigan City, Indiana, October 16

[We share the writer's enthusiasm for the A. V. C. His suggestion for a broad review of veterans' organizations is a good one. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 132

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Come to tea
4 Rowland Hill wondered why *he* should have all the good times?
7 Expectancy
9 An outside rise
10 A darn job it is to make this
12 "The Garden of England"
13 Putting your foot in it is one way of getting a hearing
15 Moves uneasily
17 "Many a mickle makes a ------" (Scots proverb)
18 Sovereign's due
19 Weapon
21 Null, am I? (anag.)
23 She only paints for the purpose of make-up
24 It's worth 100,000 rupees
26 Shakespeare and Schubert joined in asking who she was
28 The best wool
31 Little lumps
32 It's no longer called a hautboy
35 It was formerly Christiana
36 Evidently still for rent
37 The repetition of a song
38 Feminine name
39 The water is under this vessel
40 Stolen by the Knave of Hearts in "Alice"

DOWN

1 Sure thing
2 A No. 5 iron to the golfer
3 This bird has swallowed a nag! No wonder it's scarlet!
4 Hatred (anag.)
5 Contended
6 Famous Italian bathing beach
7 Theatrical nonsense (slang)
8 Sudden fright for which there's no visible cause
11 Damson (anag.)
14 An old magistrate
15 A French politician in Finland
16 Attacks on the besiegers by the besieged
19 Every one of us
20 It is put to the proof
21 Lariat
22 Ranks next to Shakespeare in English literature
25 I am bent, but still going 'round
27 The South wind
28 An old tradesman
29 Dramatist whose statue will be found at 35 Across
30 Egg-shaped
33 He wins the toss
34 Dash
35 Found in a forest but not in a wood

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 131

ACROSS:—1 BACKGAMMON; 6 OURS; 10 DULLARD; 11 DIARIST; 12 LIFEBUOY; 13 TRILL; 15 ORGAN; 17 MASEFIELD; 19 BRIC-A-BRAC; 21 ELBOW; 23 SONGS; 24 SPANGLES; 27 INTERNS; 28 ELYSIUM; 29 NOSE; 30 MORTGAGEES.

DOWN:—1 BODY; 2 CALLING; 3 GRAVE; 4 MIDSUMMER; 5 ODDLY; 7 UTILIZE; 8 SETTLE DOWN; 9 TARTUFFE; 14 COMBUSTION; 16 NOAH'S ARK; 18 SACRAMENT; 20 IGNITES; 22 BEEHIVE; 24 SISCO; 25 GAYDA; 26 EMUS.

RESORTS

"Fore" the Golfer
Newly Conditioned Course
A Grand "Pro"
New Clubhouse
. . . await your pleasure.

The Glenmere
28 miles of beautiful private trails. Also — excellent tennis, boating and fishing on our private 7½-mile lake, golf, game rooms, cocktail lounge, dancing, really fine food . . . congenial atmosphere. Open Year 'Round
Only 51 Miles from New York
CHESTER, N. Y. Chester 200 (N. Y.) RE 2-5047

COLONIAL TERRACE HOTEL
Peekskill, New York. Tel. Peekskill 400
Open All Year
Winter Sports — Homey — Friendly — Restful
Informal — Excellent Cuisine — Dietary Laws
Rooms and Suites Available
Special Winter Rates on Request

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
35 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY
"A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County"
The nearest of all nearby resorts. Exclusive location. Luxuriously furnished. Dignified. All sport activities. Excellent cuisine
OPEN ALL YEAR Phone Armonk Village 955

Intimate Different Delightful OAKWOOD NEW WINDSOR, NEW YORK
Tel. Newburgh 4477. Only 53 miles from N.Y.C.
REOPENING for THANKSGIVING, NOV. 21st
Enjoy the glories of late Fall and the beauty of Winter 'midst the hospitable surroundings of this charming Colonial Estate. Skating on private lake. Unexcelled cuisine. Open fireplaces.

HUDSON VIEW HOTEL
HAVERSTRAW NEW YORK
A 50-minute ride!
"Deservedly Famous for 25 Years"
Fine Food—Scenic Beauty—Steamheated
Private Baths—Sports—Quite Reasonable
Make Holiday Reservations NOW
Dietary Laws Haverstraw 2076

Birdland CENTRAL VALLEY, N. Y.
200-ACRE ESTATE 1,000-FT. ELEVATION
Congenial adult resort. All sports. Clay Tennis Courts. Golf, fine food. Only 45 miles from N. Y. Open all year.
ELECTION DAY SPECIAL: 4 days $30
Highlands Mills 7895 N. Y. C.: WA 5-4671

HATHAWAY LODGE
Formerly the palatial 592 acre Macy estate in the beautiful "Hills of the Sky." Large, luxurious rooms, most of which have open fireplaces and private porches. Tennis, Handball, Swimming Pool. Horseback Riding, also Golf nearby. Marvelous food. Open all year. Attractive rates.
For reservations or further information write or call
HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Telephone: Tannersville 299

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED